

The **American Legion** *Weekly*

November 21, 1919
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At Minneapolis

*The Story of the First
National Convention of
the American Legion*

Thanksgiving — A Belated Holiday

Doers and Dreamers of Aviation

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By George Creel

PELMANISM is the biggest thing that has come to the United States in many a year. With a record of 400,000 successes in England, this famous course in mind training has been Americanized at last, and is now operated by Americans in America for American men and women. Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to think; how to use fully the senses of which they are conscious; how to discover and to train the senses of which they have been unconscious. Pelmanism is merely the science of thinking; the science of putting right thought into successful action; the science of that mental team play that is the one true source of efficiency, the one master key that opens all doors to advancement.

I heard first of Pelmanism during a recent visit in London. Its matter filled pages in every paper and magazine and wherever one went there was talk of Pelmanism. "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

It was T. P. O'Connor who satisfied my curiosity and gave me facts. By 1918 alone there were 400,000 Pelmanists, figuring in every walk and condition of life. Lords and ladies of high degree, clerks and cooks, members of Parliament, laborers, clergymen and actors, farmers, lawyers, doctors, coal miners, soldiers and sailors, even generals and admirals, were all Pelmanizing and heads of great business houses were actually enrolling their entire staffs in the interest of larger efficiency.

The famous General Sir F. Maurice, describing it as a "system of mind drill based on scientific principles," urged its adoption by the army. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Admiral Lord Beresford indorsed it over their signatures. In France, Flanders and Italy over 100,000 soldiers of the empire were talking Pelmanism in order to fit themselves for return to civil life, and many members of the American Expeditionary Force were following this example.

Well-known writers like Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Max Pemberton, the Baroness Orczy and E. F. Benson were writing columns in praise and interpretation of Pelmanism. Great editors like Sir William Robertson Nicoll and educators such as Sir James Yoxall were going so far as to suggest its inclusion in the British educational system.

As a matter of fact, the thing had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep into life, far down beneath all surface emotions, and bedded its roots in the very centres of individual being. It was an astonishing phenomenon, virtually compelling my interest, and I agreed gladly when certain members of Parliament offered to take me to Pelham House. A growing enthusiasm led me to study the plan in detail, and it is out of the deepest conviction that I make these flat statements:

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, develop and strengthen such qualities as will power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish" by curing mind wandering and wool gathering.

Viewed historically, Pelmanism is a study in intelligent growth. Twenty years ago it was a simple memory training system.

The founder of Pelmanism had an idea. He went to the leading psychologists of England, and also to those of America, and



GEORGE CREEL

said: "I have a good memory system. I think I may say that it is the best. But it occurs to me that there is small point in memory unless there's a *mind* behind it. You gentlemen teach the science of the mind. But you teach it only to those who come to you. And few come, for psychology is looked upon as 'highbrow.' Why can't we popularize it? Why can't we make people train their minds just as they train their bodies? Why can't you put all that you have to teach into a series of simple, understandable lessons that can be grasped by the average man with an average education?"

And the eminent professors did it! Pelmanism to-day is the *one* known course in applied psychology, the *one* course that builds mind as a physical instructor builds muscle.

It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*. Instead of training memory alone, or will-power alone, or reasoning power alone it recognizes the absolute interdependency of these powers and trains them *together*.

It is not, however, an educational machine for grinding out standardized brains, for it realizes that there are wide differences in the minds and problems of men. It develops *individual* mentality to its highest power.

The course comes in twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." They are sent one at a time and the student fills out work sheets that are gone over, with pen and ink, by a staff of trained instructors. There is nothing arduous about the course, and it offers no great difficulties, but it does require *application*. *Pelmanism has got to be worked at.*

There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it. It is not "learned in an evening."

You can take a pill for a sluggish liver but all the patent medicines in the world can't help a sluggish mind. Pelmanism is not a "pill" system. It proceeds upon the scientific theory that there is no law in nature that condemns the human mind to permanent limitations. It develops the mental faculties by regular exercise, just as the athlete develops his muscles.

Brains are not evolved by miracles. Just as the arms stay weak or grow flabby, when

not used so does an unexercised mind stay weak or grow flabby.

Pelmanism is the science of Get There—getting there quickly, surely, finely! Not for men alone, but for women as well. Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop.

I say deliberately, and with the deepest conviction, that Pelmanism *will* do what it promises to do.

Talk of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but with my own eyes I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. With my own ears I heard the testimony of employers to this effect. Why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition, heightened energies, refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough."

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. There's more to it than the making of money. It makes for a richer and more wholesome and more interesting life.

One may utilize Pelmanism as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational or cultural—but the advantages of the training touch life and living at every point. (Signed)

GEORGE CREEL.

NOTE.—As Mr. Creel has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by hundreds of thousands of men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

In bringing Pelmanism to America, the needs of the United States have been considered at every point. Plan, methods and principles remain the same but American psychologists have Americanized the lessons and American instructors, carefully trained in the course, will pass upon every work sheet.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study.

It guarantees nothing but what it can deliver. A written statement, in which the student gives his word of honor that he has not received results, will gain an instant refund of fee. Whatever may have been your experience with other courses, Pelmanism *will* help you.

"Mind and Memory" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it.

The book, "Mind and Memory," is free. Use the coupon or a postcard and send for it now—**TO-DAY. PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Suite 365-505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

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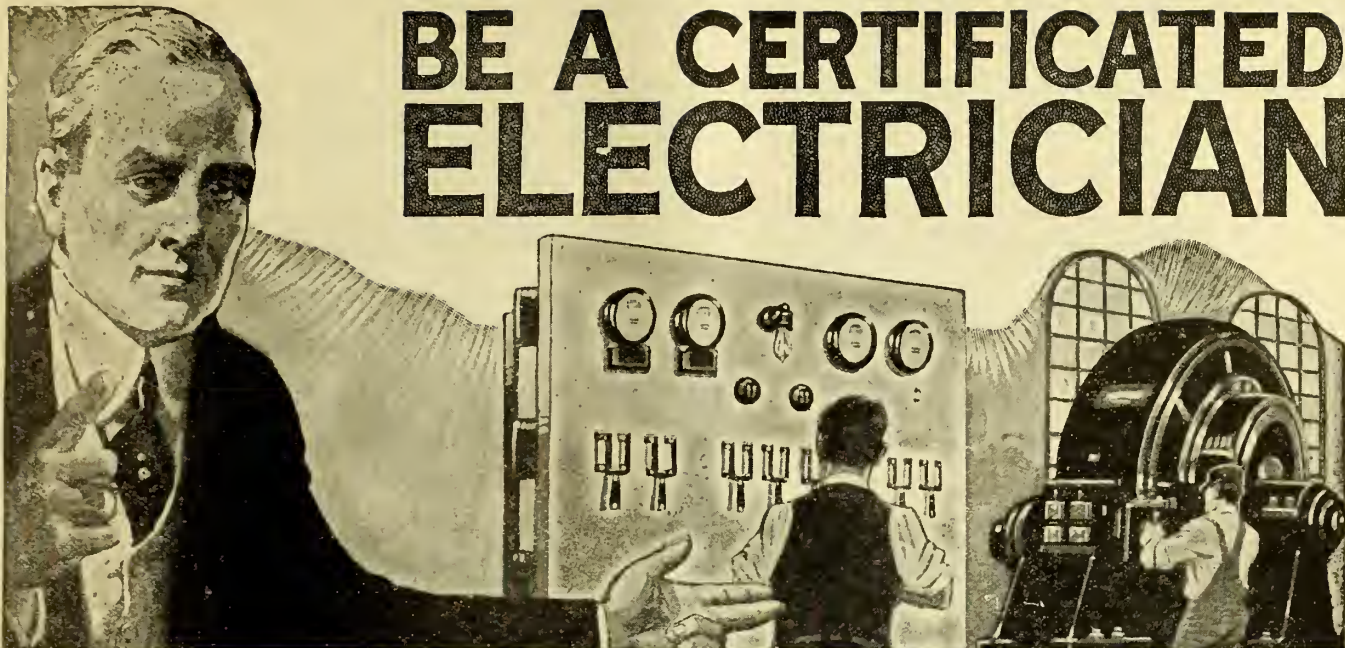
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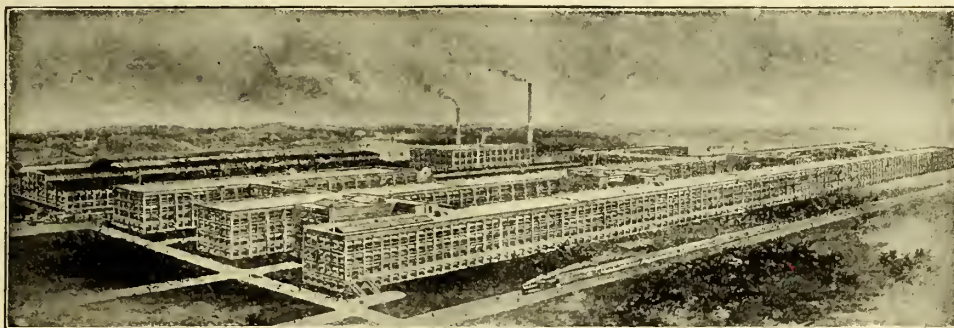
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A Verdict "For God and Country"

Unselfish, Patriotic Decisions at Minneapolis
Prove the Legion True to Its Ideals

By MARQUIS JAMES

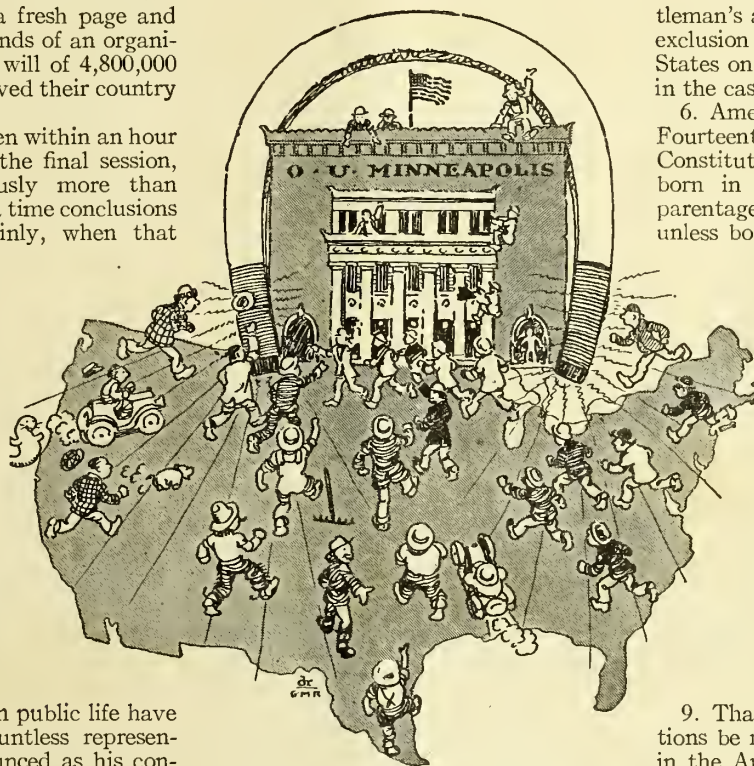
WHEN there adjourned in Minneapolis on the night of Wednesday, November 12, the first constitutional convention of The American Legion, history turned a fresh page and placed the pen in the hands of an organization whose will is the will of 4,800,000 men and women who served their country in war.

These lines were written within an hour after the conclusion of the final session, which lasted continuously more than twelve hours. At such a time conclusions are difficult, but certainly, when that band of tired out, triumphant delegates left the convention hall, they left behind them a record of principles voiced, actions taken and deliberations made, all in the interest of this republic, which stands without peer in the annals of free assemblages of the past generation.

Milton K. Foreman, of Illinois, one of the oldest delegates present, a man of broad experience, and whose many years in public life have brought him before countless representative gatherings, pronounced as his conviction in the closing hours of the last session that "this has been the most notable convention in American history." It is for the future to reveal whether the decisions taken at this convention will not amount to a 1919 edition of the Declaration of Independence, and the convention to a twentieth-century revival of the first Continental Congress which promulgated that declaration.

From that convention The American Legion emerged from the camps of organization to the fields of action, and righteously and fearlessly it acted. It passed from a nebulous, forming body in the hands of organizers rather than accredited leaders who were unauthorized to speak the voice of the ex-service man or woman because they had not heard that voice, to a fighting phalanx of those veterans' own creating, whose words are their words, whose acts their acts.

The achievements of the convention may be epitomized under four heads:



First—Americanization, to which end the convention recommended:

1. The creation of a national Americanization commission of The American Legion to realize the Legion's slogan of one hundred per cent Americanism through the conduct of a continuous and constructive patriotic, educational campaign throughout the land. This commission will shortly be appointed by the National Executive Committee.

2. That Congress deport Victor L. Berger, the German-born convicted traitor recently expelled from the House of Representatives.

3. That Congress pass laws providing for the deportation of all "first-paper" aliens who have renounced their intentions of becoming citizens.

4. That Congress prevent the release, before the expiration of their sentences, of draft dodgers and others convicted of offenses against the successful prosecution

tion of the war, and where it is possible, to deport such persons upon their release from prison.

5. Abrogation of the so-called "gentleman's agreement" with Japan and the exclusion of Japanese from the United States on the same principles as adopted in the case of other Oriental races.

6. Amendment to section one of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, to the effect that no child born in the United States of foreign parentage shall be eligible to citizenship unless both parents were so eligible.

7. That Congress send a committee to the Pacific coast, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands to study alien colonization conditions.

8. That Congress require the Bureau of Naturalization to compile a list of aliens who have surrendered their first papers and file a copy of such list in every court in the United States authorized by law to grant naturalization, and requiring every such alien to notify the court of the county in which he resides of every change of his place of residence.

9. That all foreign language publications be required to furnish a translation in the American language of all articles that tend to condemn our form of government, and that five copies of said translation, with the name and address of the writer, be left with the postmaster in the place of publication open to public inspection.

10. That Congress immediately investigate the release of conscientious objectors and direct the War Department to recall honorable discharges granted them. Congress is asked to enact legislation under which conscientious objectors may be punished, and, if they are aliens, deported. The convention demanded that action be taken against the officials of the War Department responsible for the tender treatment accorded conscientious objectors.

11. That Congress make it impossible for first-paper aliens who surrendered their papers to evade military service ever to acquire citizenship.

12. That all Americans refrain from patronizing unincorporated organizations



ostensibly operating for the relief of the civilian population of countries lately at war with the United States. Many such agencies are propaganda organizations in disguise.

13. That Congress be urged to enact laws to require aliens resident in this country to acquire knowledge of the American language, and that a course in citizenship constitute a part of the curriculum of every public school.



SECOND—Beneficial Legislation.

1. While recognizing the obligation of the Government to those who served in the war, the convention declined to go on record in favor of a particular cash bonus.

2. Since none of the proposed land and home aid bills before Congress makes adequate provision for the needs of ex-service men it is requested that Congress enact what is to be known as The American Legion Home Founding Act, embody-

ing these features: (a) Reclamation of unproductive lands by the Government for settlement by ex-service men; (b) development of rural communities by government loans; (c) direct loans for the purpose and development of farm or city homes.

3. That Congress award fifty dollars a month to all disabled men immediately upon discharge from hospitals and continue to pay this sum until they shall draw compensation under the War Risk insurance or the vocational rehabilitation acts. Seventy-five dollars a month is urged for men with tuberculosis.

4. Increase in the minimum compensation under the vocational rehabilitation act of from eighty dollars to one hundred dollars per month.

5. Liberalization of the provisions of section three of the vocational rehabilitation act so as to include all disabled persons.

6. Immediate passage of the Sweet bill, amending, however, the compensation features so as to include the same family allowance as authorized in Section 204 of the War Risk act.

7. That the National Legislative Committee of the Legion investigate all complaints or irregularities and injustices suffered by ex-service men at the hands of the War Risk Insurance Bureau and the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

8. That Congress place all ex-service men on the same basis as to retirement for disability as is enjoyed by members of the Regular Army.

THIRD—Military Policy.

1. Universal military training, but the administration of this policy shall be removed from the control of any exclusively military caste. Military training in schools and colleges to be encouraged.

2. Opposed to compulsory military service in time of peace.

3. A large standing army is extravagant and un-American. In view of our experience in unpreparedness for national defense and the lack of proper training, the convention favored a national military system based on universal obligations to include a relatively small Regular Army and a citizen army capable of rapid expansion.

4. A national citizen army should be organized into corps, divisions and smaller units of officers and men who come from the same locality. Organizations should preserve local designations as far as practicable.

5. The national citizen soldier should



be trained, equipped, officered and assigned to definite units, before rather than after the commencement of hostilities. The National Army should be administered by a general staff on which citizen soldier officers and Regular Army officers shall serve in equal number.

6. Recommended that Congress make the air service a separate department under the control of a member of the cabinet to be appointed for that purpose alone.

7. Officers, training camps to be continued.

FOURTH—General.

1. Franklin D'Olier, of Philadelphia, elected national commander.

2. Indianapolis selected the seat of National Headquarters of the Legion.

3. Next convention called to meet on September 27 in Cleveland, Ohio.

4. Adoption of a constitution in keeping with the aims and ideals of The American Legion.

5. Authorization of the formation of the woman's auxiliary of The American Legion for which are eligible only mothers, sisters, wives and daughters of the members of the Legion or of soldiers, sailors and marines who died in the service during the war.

6. Indorsement of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and provision made for its subscription price to be included in the national dues.

THE nimble sands which slid through the glass at 10.28 o'clock on Monday morning, November 10, when Henry D. Lindsley, as temporary chairman, brought down his gavel and called to order the first session of the first constitutional convention of The American Legion, recorded a historic moment.

A hush fell upon the assembled throng, which lately had marched into the convention hall by state delegations and were proceeding to raise the roof a foot or two with their yells and songs, when the venerable Cyrus Northrup, president emeritus of the University of Minnesota, came forward to invoke the divine blessing.

"Almighty God," he said, "we thank Thee for the patriotic spirit which moved the fighting men of America to now present themselves in a solid phalanx against those who would destroy the



Government from within just as they presented themselves against the foe on foreign soil."

The addresses of welcome by Governor Burnquist, of Minnesota, and Mayor Meyer, of Minneapolis; the inspiring message of greeting from Marshal Foch, and the opening remarks of the temporary chairman, each ringing with patriotic sentiment, each sounding the manifold call to duty that awaits the organized and effective Legion, left the convention in a fitting spirit to engage in the tasks which commanded its energies.

That spirit of earnest consecration to duty never forsook the convention in its working hours, and those hours were long and arduous. It pervaded the parliamentary sessions on the floor of the auditorium; it followed the delegates to their labors in the committee rooms where they worked far into the nights. There was honest and vigorous differences of opinion, certainly. Views were frankly stated, and frankly challenged, for this was perhaps the freest spoken, most unbosomed and most democratic assemblage of its kind in America. There was never a rupture of the spirit in which the Legion was conceived, the spirit of unequivocal Americanism, loyalty to government, flag and country, and sworn enmity to everything and everybody who by word and deed does not adhere to that declaration.

The adoption on Tuesday of the resolution demanding the cancellation of the citizenship of former Congressman Victor L. Berger and his deportation from the country marked one of the most dramatic moments of the convention. The action came unexpectedly and had all the thrill that goes with surprise.

The following resolution was placed before the convention: "Whereas Victor Berger has been duly tried and convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude and disloyalty to our country, therefore be it resolved that The American Legion in convention assembled hereby demands that the proper authorities take all legal steps to cancel his citizenship papers and bring about his deportation."

PANDEMONIUM broke loose. After three minutes of the wildest cheering, during which delegates left their seats and paraded the aisles, fifty voices clamored for recognition by the speaker to move the adoption of the resolution. At length Chairman Lindsley recognized the delegate from Wisconsin, Berger's home state. "The entire Wisconsin delegation considers it a signal honor," he shouted, "to move, as we do move, the adoption of that resolution."

There were hundreds of seconds, a thunderous roar greeted the chairman's call for an aye vote, and the convention gave way to another paroxysm of cheers.

After half an hour of spirited debate, the convention, while recognizing the obligation the Government owes to those who served it in time of war, declined to go on record as favoring a specific cash bonus for ex-service men and women. The bitter fight that had been predicted on this issue did not come off, and after the discussion the convention disposed of the matter by a viva voce vote, which

indicated so apparent a majority against asking for a specific bonus that no one requested the calling of the roll.

The vote was taken on an amendment moved to the report of the Committee on Beneficial Legislation by Christopher J. Halligan, of Massachusetts, that the report declare the sentiment of the convention in favor of a bonus* of a "dollar a day or more" for every day served in the armed forces during the war.

Delegate Galbraith, of Ohio, supported the amendment.

"The workman who went to war served his country for a dollar a day," he declared, "while the workman who stayed at home increased his earnings to double what he received before the war. It is no more than just that the Government should not only recognize its obligations to fighting men, but should meet that obligation."

Roy Hoffman, of Oklahoma, said the Legion members of his state by unanimous decision were against the bonus.

"Our boys say you are trying to put a cash value on their service. Let us not besmirch an honorable service by saying: 'Give us money!'"

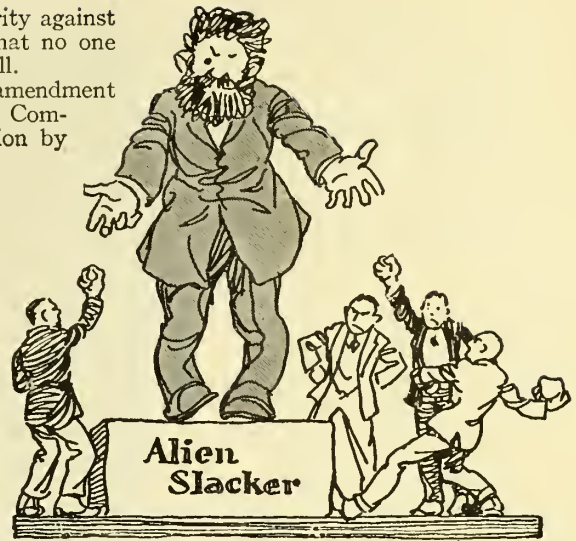
"Let us not inject another word into the preamble of our constitution," exclaimed another. "Let us not make it 'me and God and country,' by demanding this money."

THE election of national officers was the last order of business before the convention and began late Wednesday afternoon, following the adoption of the constitution of the Legion. Franklin D'Olier, a member of the Organization Committee of Five of the temporary body and one of the founders of the Legion, was chosen National Commander. He was elected on the first ballot.

His only real opponent was Hanford McNeider, the soldier hero of Iowa, for whom 291 delegates cast their ballots. Before the result of the vote had been announced, but when it was apparent that Mr. D'Olier had been elected, Mr. McNeider rushed to the platform, asked that the rules be suspended and the secretary instructed to cast the unanimous vote of the convention for Mr. D'Olier. This was done.

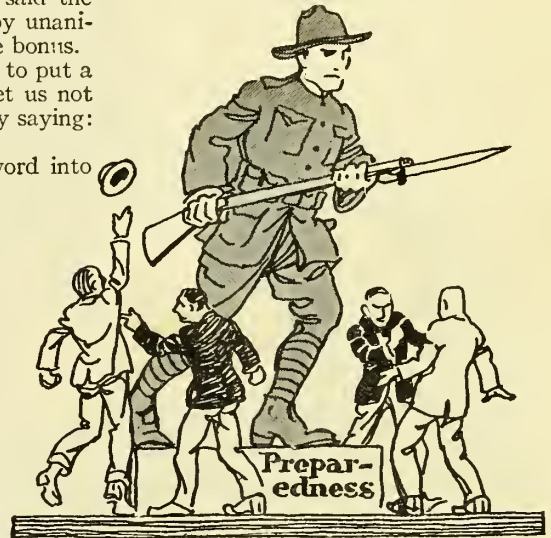
The other two nominees, E. Lester Jones, of the District of Columbia, and Emmett O'Neal, of Kentucky, polled a negligible complimentary vote.

The new commander's name was presented to the convention by James Harrison, of Arkansas. There were many seconds. Hamilton Fish, of New York, offered the name of Hanford McNeider, an old Second Division man who was awarded nine decorations for valor. Jack Sullivan, of Washington, was nominated by North Dakota, but

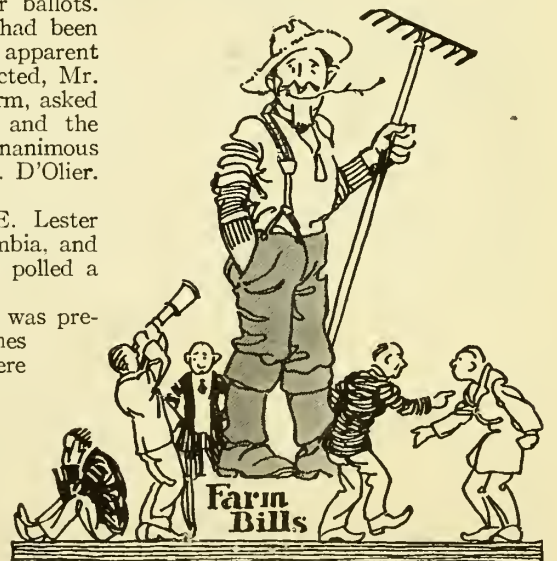


declined to permit his name to be considered.

Henry B. Lindsley, the retiring temporary chairman, was nominated by his



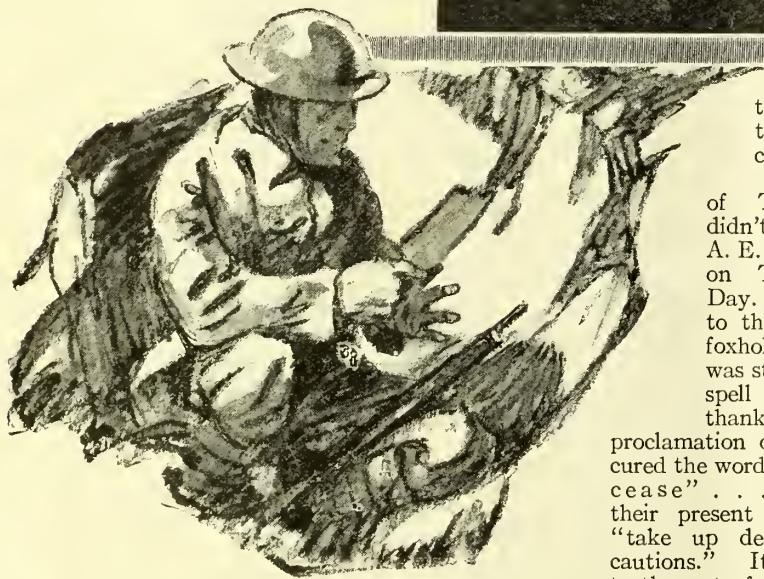
native state of Texas. He reiterated the statement he had made earlier in the
(Continued on page 27)



Thanks- giving

A Belated Holiday

By
MARQUIS JAMES



THANKSGIVING DAY!

A buck on outpost in a foxhole gouged in a Meuse hillside released his rifle in surprise and let it slide down between his knees, while calculation on his fingers informed him positively that the calendar was wrong. He had been thankful for seventeen days now.

That was a year ago. It seems longer than that sometimes, and again, sometimes it seems not so long, according to how you look at it. The real Thanksgiving last November came along about an hour before noon on the eleventh instant. The other one was an afterthought. It was like an ace trying to get a thrill out of a five-cent ride in the ferris wheel at a county fair. It was bound to be. Such a short time after November 11 could anything suggestive of thanks or human gratitude help being

tions following the Great Day had left the men rather fed up, fed up on the same sort of thing as their brothers in the assault divisions, though the world knows they found opportunity to give expression to their sentiments in a manner which was denied the men in the line.

In the line the most substantial part of the day's observance rested with the mess sergeant, and he produced as the circumstances would permit. The skipper couldn't do a lot toward easing up on details; in the line the maximum and minimum of duty are about the same. A few extra items of chow, some canned pineapple, say, or apricots, rustled from the ration dump at division headquarters, and surviving the tithe that line company men effect to believe is always withheld for the supply company's kitchen; a liberal policy on seconds—

t a m e a n d
tasteless by
comparison?

The spirit of Thanksgiving didn't get to the A. E. F. very hard on Thanksgiving Day. It didn't get to the buck in a foxhole because he was still under the spell of the other thanksgiving in the

proclamation of which occurred the words "firing will cease" . . . "halt on their present line" . . . "take up defensive precautions." It didn't get to the rest of the A. E. F.

because the fitting observa-

that was about all, as chow went. And chow, whether it ought to or not, usually makes or breaks a Thanksgiving.

The chaplain—the marvel of patience and devotion to duty that he was—made special remarks on the nature of the occasion and the gratitude that should reside in men's hearts. Where assemblages were not possible he slugged it around from dugout to dugout through the mud and drizzle, with the khaki-covered Book in the pocket of his trench coat.

IT WAS a day of waiting, as all of the others had been since the eleventh—waiting for the big hike, "the party," as it came to be known by common and spontaneous consent, to take them into Germany.

For the divisions lying in billet back of the line it was the same; a day of waiting, for they, too, were either going into Germany pretty soon or were going home. Even that early they were "going home." Ordinary rounds of duty were suspended and orderly rooms were strangely quiet. No details went out except those required for guard, police and fatigue. Reveille was just a name, and passes stimulated social intercourse between outfits and between the Yanks and the natives in the towns.

Interest centered around the kitchens. Emissaries of the "mess sarge" had been abroad in the red-roofed, grey, little peasant villages days in advance. Accumulated supplies of soap, sugar and goldfish vanished from the company stores, and in their place appeared fresh vegetables, eggs, fruit and even fowl. The old U. S. Government sometimes kicked in with a bonus candy issue.

Where the "flu" did not bar indoor assemblages the chaplain held services, and there were movies and outfit-talent entertainments. Countless football games were played on squalid meadows, and peasant farmers railed at the spectators who trampled down their winter wheat.

The sun, which doesn't stand much of a chance in France anyway, hurried through its day's tour to keep an important engagement on a brighter side of the world. Darkness came on at four o'clock. Forbidden candles flamed up cautiously in haymows where a squad was bedded down. The cards came out, and blackjack and coon can games brought piles of francs and franc notes to the edges of the blanket. The players spoke in low tones. In the corner a homesick boy humped over a pad on his knee and wrote to his mother.

From the windows of the village cafe, unshuttered now since the armistice, a light shimmered and was lost in the misty air. Glasses clinked and sounds of revelry came from within. A soldier always sings, and he seldom sings of war.

Oh, mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Par-ley-voo!

NOW, no real soldier is a knocker at heart, but all of them are born kickers. It seems to be in the blood. Sometimes they are fully justified—and sometimes they are more so. There was a heavy artillery organization which had a particularly hard time up in the St. Mihiel sector, which felt that it had a right to be ranked in the "more-so" class.

In the words of an English officer accompanying the outfit to its billets further south, it was "beastly bawd weather." The regiment arrived at Houdelencourt on Thanksgiving eve. The men threw themselves down upon piles of hay in several barns along the Rue Grande. They could find little to be thankful for, except that a rest had been ordered. They had kicked because the armistice came too soon to suit them, for they were on the verge of ad-

vancing on Metz. They kicked because the ever-present rain dripped unceasingly through cracks in the roofs. They kicked because they were not permitted to smoke cigarettes in their billets. They kicked because they were not home.

Thanksgiving morning, however, found the men in better spirits. It had been rumored that a feast had been prepared for their delectation. Rumor (oh, ever-present Rumor!) had it that the regiment would be fed on roast pig for dinner. Rumor was responsible for the belief that apple pies would be baked, that real bread would be served hot and that a supply of coffee, which men had not tasted for several days, had arrived.

Would the mess sarge confirm or deny these reports? He would not. And then Rumor got busy again and asserted that the reason for his silence was that the sergeant had planned such a delicious repast that he was afraid of the effect on discipline if he disclosed the menu. It was announced, however, that no real food could be expected until the evening mess. But at this announcement there was no grumbling. It was taken to mean that the feast to follow the noonday meal would be even more sumptuous than Mme. Rumor had indicated. Therefore the usual hardtack and willie were eaten without a kick.

The sun went down. It went still further down. The last peep of gray disappeared over the hills and the jet-black night of western France shrouded the town. Candles flickered around the mess kitchens, and cooks flickered around the candles. Questions began to flicker around the cooks. Mess sergeants were not to be found in all Houdelencourt. Rumor said they were out hunting for grub for the great Thanksgiving feast. But eight o'clock came and no feast.

AND then—
Oh, my countrymen! The hard things that were said

about the Huns before that armistice were as honeyed words in comparison to the verbal barrage that broke. Tin cans sailed through the air, with battery kitchens as their objectives. Rocks were turned loose at will. Red riot was getting under way, when a bugle called the regiment into formation, and the sad news was vouchsafed that a delegation of officers and men, who had been sent out to buy, borrow, beg, or (you know) food, had got lost in the country and could not be found.

Down in the S. O. S., where the A. P. O.'s were anchored and a fellow had a residence address like a regular business man, there was more substance to the observation of the day, more that recalled home. But the same restlessness that pervaded the advanced zones was there.

And in the camps in the States they say a lad could actually hit the "cap" for a pass to go and eat dinner with the folks at home, if it wasn't too far away. Sure, and if it wasn't that, there was turkey in the mess hall. The overseas vet has only to think back to year before last to remember what a Thanksgiving in the States is like. Hostess house jammed, big show at the camp theater, a lot of civilians out from town to take their friends and friends' friends out for a ride in the car. Man, that was more like it.

More *like* it, but not *it*. It had to wait until this year. Camps, billets, foxholes, they're all a memory that the savory odor of the old turk and sage stuffing brings out from the back corners of the mind. Home for Thanksgiving after two years. It's a grand and glorious feelin'.





THE EDITORIAL P.C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS



The Birth of the Legion

THE spirit of a new America was crystallized in the charter convention marking the official birth of The American Legion. An America for Americans, an America perpetuated in the highest ideals of democracy and equality rose out of this epochal gathering.

The direct answer was given to the question for which all America has awaited the answer: What will the men who were in service do? Their action was unequivocal. They will make a greater and finer and cleaner America. Their every decision demonstrated that they have in fact bonded themselves together, as the preamble of their constitution says, "For God and Country."

One hundred per cent Americanism was defined by the actions of this convention. Not in a resolution or academic pronouncements but in concrete acts and by the adoption of concrete principles.

At no time did the delegates representing every state and territory of the country heed the appeal of selfishness. The demands that they put forth were for the good of the country and not for themselves. They made it plain that they are not a class fighting for their own interests but that they are the champions of the average American, fighting for the highest ideals that ever guided a national or racial unit.

Realizing as the majority did realize that a pay adjustment of the long months of service should be made in the interests of equity and fairness, these representatives of all the men and women who were in service refused to fix the details or demand any set sum by way of what has been termed a bonus. The question was passed to Congress for determination. What other class having it in its power to demand a particular act befitting its individual members would have had the unselfishness to take such an action? It did not mean that they do not want a pay readjustment. It did not mean that there was not a full realization of the justice and equity embodied in a claim for such an adjustment. It meant that they would not set the price upon their services and demand a specific sum but would pass that responsibility to Congress; and while the thought was not expressed it is manifest that they will look to Congress and to the country for fair and honest dealing in the adjustment.

It is difficult to gauge at this early date the tremendous benefit to the United States of this great convention and its pronouncements. It may be said in summarizing the convention that its members applied the great lessons of the war to the economic and social life of the country.

It was essentially the voice of the average American that was heard through the action of the Minneapolis gathering. Unreasonable capital at one ex-

treme and radical agitators at the other extreme will find no consolation in any action of The American Legion. But to the majority of all Americans it was a voice in the wilderness.

If special interests, if those representing special privilege had thought to gain a hearing, they went away disillusioned. No questionable measure or action so much as reached the floor of the convention. No unworthy measure could have survived an instant in such an atmosphere.

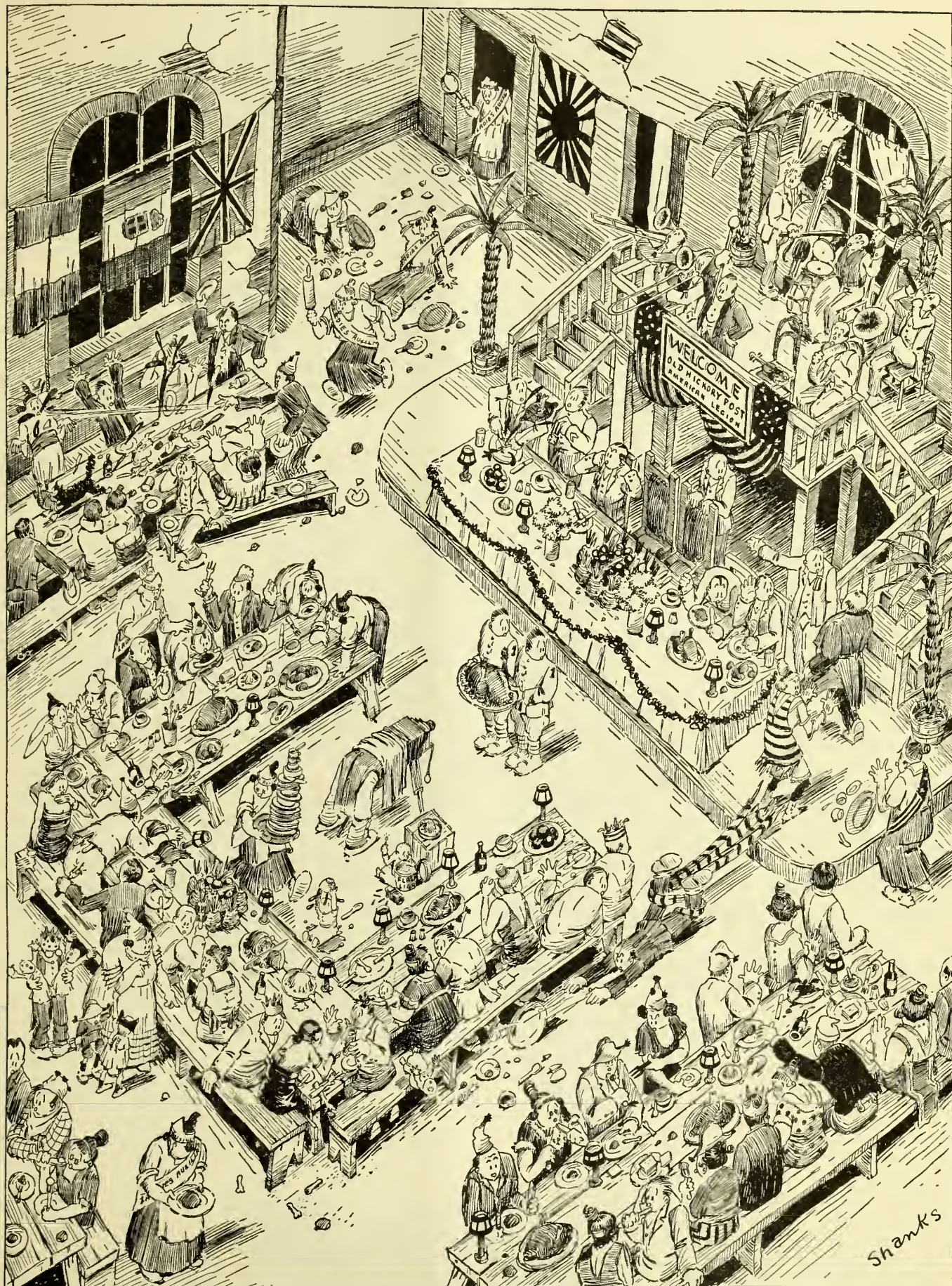
As a convention it was unique. While there was organization for the orderly conduct of business, the meeting had little in common with the traditional convention. Its actions and its expressions were as spontaneous as they were high in purpose.

Issues of vital national importance were met squarely. Advice which the country has awaited from the Legion on many problems was given in no uncertain or faltering voice. The Legion did not mince words on the necessity of a house cleaning of undesirables.

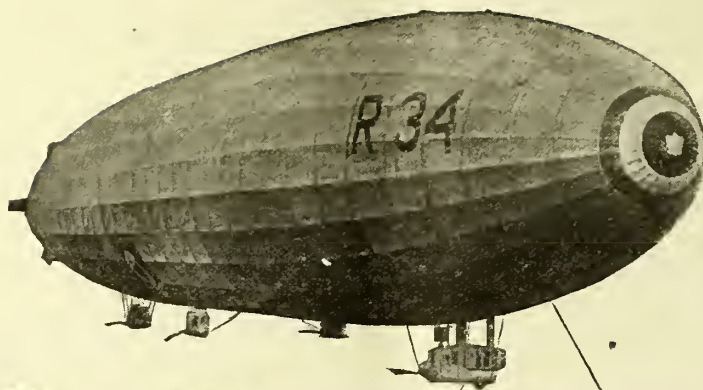
Its advice and its actions are an interpretation of the experiences of a nation in the war as applied to the problems of readjustment. In no instance did it turn to a "status quo ante." In recommending a military policy it put forth a new and virile policy based upon the principle of universal training. At the same time it pointed a warning finger to the menace of caste and class and inefficiency among professional officers. It demanded along with universal training the democratization of the military service, and it demanded efficiency.

The country will do well to analyze and digest the actions and pronouncements of the birth convention of The American Legion. The advice it has given to the country is sound advice. Furthermore, it is advice that will be carried by the delegates to Legion members in every city, town and hamlet in America. Those resolutions and actions are the rallying point for the 4,800,000 men and women who served in the Great War and who are now returned to civil pursuits.

The Legion views and policies are no longer nebulous and intangible. They are now concrete. The majority of the men in service have expressed themselves and these expressions will guide them through the year. The result, as months pass and these ideals are interpreted into concrete acts, will establish more firmly the finer patriotism and the finer standards of conduct and good government that have grown out of the common sufferings and sacrifices and experiences of America in its recent death grapple with that autocracy which sought to destroy it. One hundred per cent Americanism has ceased to be a phrase and is now a living force.



Old Hickory Post observes Thanksgiving.



The R-34, which accomplished the trans-Atlantic flight last July and was hailed as the pathfinder of a trans-ocean airship passenger service.

Doers and Dreamers of Aviation

Real Achievements of Industry Distorted
By the Visions of Reckless Prophets

By WENDELL W. HANMER

THE aeronautic prophet of today, whose name is legion, is responsible for the mutilation of much good print paper, with conclusions drawn from every source but reason. His predictions are so prolific and startling that in reading of today's vision one forgets that which was advanced yesterday; and tomorrow's crop of predictions will efface those of today.

War's exigencies gave aeronautics an impetus which resulted in surprising development. From the Wright's flight of some 1,000 feet in 1902 to the trans-Atlantic flight of Alcock and Brown last spring was a stride which leaves the lay mind receptive for almost anything in the way of future accomplishment. And the receptive mind was never without prompters to furnish it theories, thoughts and wild dreamings.

From trans-Atlantic aerial passenger service in 1920 to a similar service encircling the world within three years soars the flight of fancy. Nor have trips to distant planets been ruled out as impossible of consideration. There seems to be only one point on which prophets agree, which is, that the airship and not the aeroplane will lead in the commercial usage of the immediate future.

Airship manufacturers, themselves, do not share this opinion. They point out that the commercial possibilities of the aeroplane and the airship are entirely different and nowise competitive, that the aeroplane is for short, speedy flights and the airship for long

flights and heavy loads. The airship manufacturers are chary of the role of prophet, and, for the most part, confine their predictions to estimates based on construction and development already accomplished.

Just why the prophets favor the airship over the aeroplane is difficult to determine, but perhaps it may be that they know even less about the airship than about the aeroplane and the mystery fascinates them. The aerial derbys and long-distance flights recently achieved by aeroplanes seem to have made no impression on their athletic minds; nor do they appear to be aware that the only commercial aerial venture so far successful is the aerial mail service, which uses aeroplanes.

The prophets proclaim that the airship will supersede the ocean liner as a passenger carrier on sea and the railway

expresses on land. The chief reasons they give are the greater speed of the airship over the ocean liner and its ability to follow a more direct route than a railroad train. They also suggest the airship as ideal for explorations of jungle and other wild lands, and as the best carrier of freight to mining and other projects in localities difficult of access. The airship may be found of some value in the undertakings last named, but many years will pass before it may be seriously considered as a competitor of either ocean liner or railroad train.

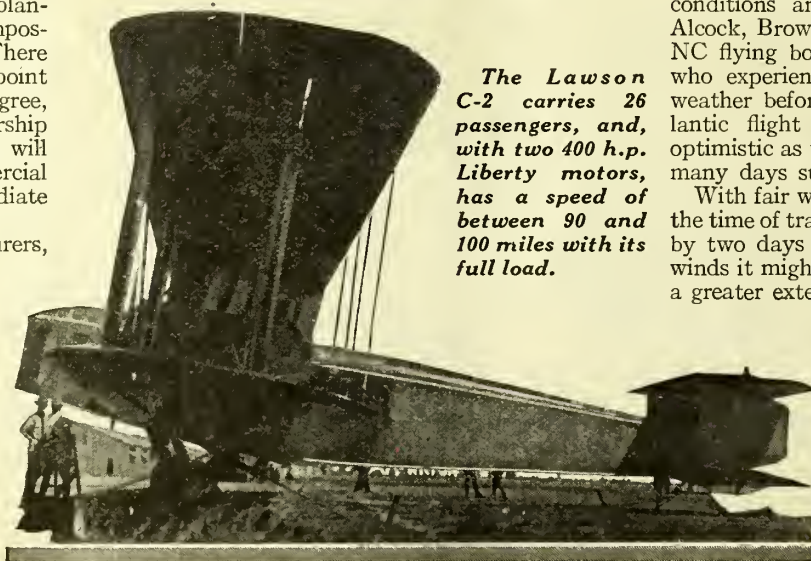
THE R-34, the largest airship yet completed, last July flew from Great Britain to the United States in 108 hours and returned in seventy-five. On the first leg of the voyage adverse winds were encountered which seriously endangered the craft. The same winds had no perceptible effect on ships at sea. Such weather as was encountered is average weather; and Atlantic weather conditions are best in July. Hawker, Alcock, Brown, Admiral Mark Kerr, the NC flying boat commanders and others who experienced the long wait for fair weather before attempting the trans-Atlantic flight can discourage the most optimistic as to the probability of finding many days suitable for airship crossing.

With fair winds the airship may reduce the time of travel from Europe to America by two days or more, but with adverse winds it might lengthen it to the same or a greater extent. It is doubtful if many

persons would care to wait an indeterminate length of time for suitable weather in order to travel by airship instead of by boat.

Accommodations, too, are a consideration not generally neglected by the

The Lawson C-2 carries 26 passengers, and, with two 400 h.p. Liberty motors, has a speed of between 90 and 100 miles with its full load.



voyager. From the gondolas suspended beneath the envelope of the R-34 and from the sleeping quarters along her keel runway is a far cry to the palatial appointments of the prophets' dreams, though of them all the least difficult of realization. To cite a trivial disadvantage of airship travel, how many would care to make a voyage of two or more days aboard a craft in which one dare not smoke for fear of the sudden death which would follow a gas explosion? The crew of the R-34, and the crews of all airships today—for they all use hydrogen gas for buoyancy—wear rubber soled shoes to avoid striking a spark from shoe nails, so thorough must be fire-prevention precautions. The use of helium gas, which is non-explosive, would eliminate this danger, of course, but helium gas is scarce and is ten times more costly than hydrogen.

After all, the determining factor of any commercial undertaking is whether it can show a profit. The R-34 is 645 feet long and its greatest diameter is seventy-eight feet and nine inches. It weighs thirty tons, which weight is "lifted" by the 2,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen it carries. The initial cost of manufacture was some \$3,000,000; and yet it is considered too small for commercial use.

THE British aircraft manufacturers, Vickers, Ltd., recently prepared an estimate of the minimum cost of establishing a trans-Atlantic airship service. They decided that four were the least number of ships which could be employed, allowing for two constantly under repair. Each craft would have to be of at least 3,500,000 cubic feet gas capacity and the initial cost of establishing the service was estimated at \$11,920,000, distributed as follows:

Two double airship hangars.....	\$3,000,000
Four airships.....	8,000,000
Workshops, gas plants and equipment.....	750,000
Working capital.....	170,000
Wireless equipment.....	50,000
Miscellaneous accessories.....	50,000

The total annual charges are estimated at close to \$5,000,000, to include establishment expenses, repairs and maintenance, depreciation, insurance and interest on capital. In addition would

have to be figured the cost of some thirty tons of gasoline and two tons of oil consumed each trip, and the loss of more than one-fifth of the gas with which each voyage is started. As fuel and oil are consumed an equal weight of hydrogen gas has to be released to maintain the same altitude, and a certain amount is also lost in maneuvering at high altitudes. Depreciation

The possibility of airships competing with the railroads during the next few years is too absurd to merit an explanation of its impracticability. Head winds have little effect on the speed of railroad trains, and even with prevailing fair winds the airship time of today is not much better than railroad time. As Admiral Mark Kerr remarked to the writer, "Most of this talk about trans-Atlantic airship service is 'talking through one's hat,' as we say in England." This goes for passenger land service, too.

An outline of what is being accomplished today with aeroplanes affords an interesting contrast with what the prophets predict will be done tomorrow with airships. The aerial mail service, as the largest commercial aerial undertaking, should be considered.

In the United States aerial mail routes now are in operation between Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and between New York and Chicago by way of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and Cleveland, Ohio. The government can carry mail between New York and Chicago twice as cheaply by air as it can by rail.

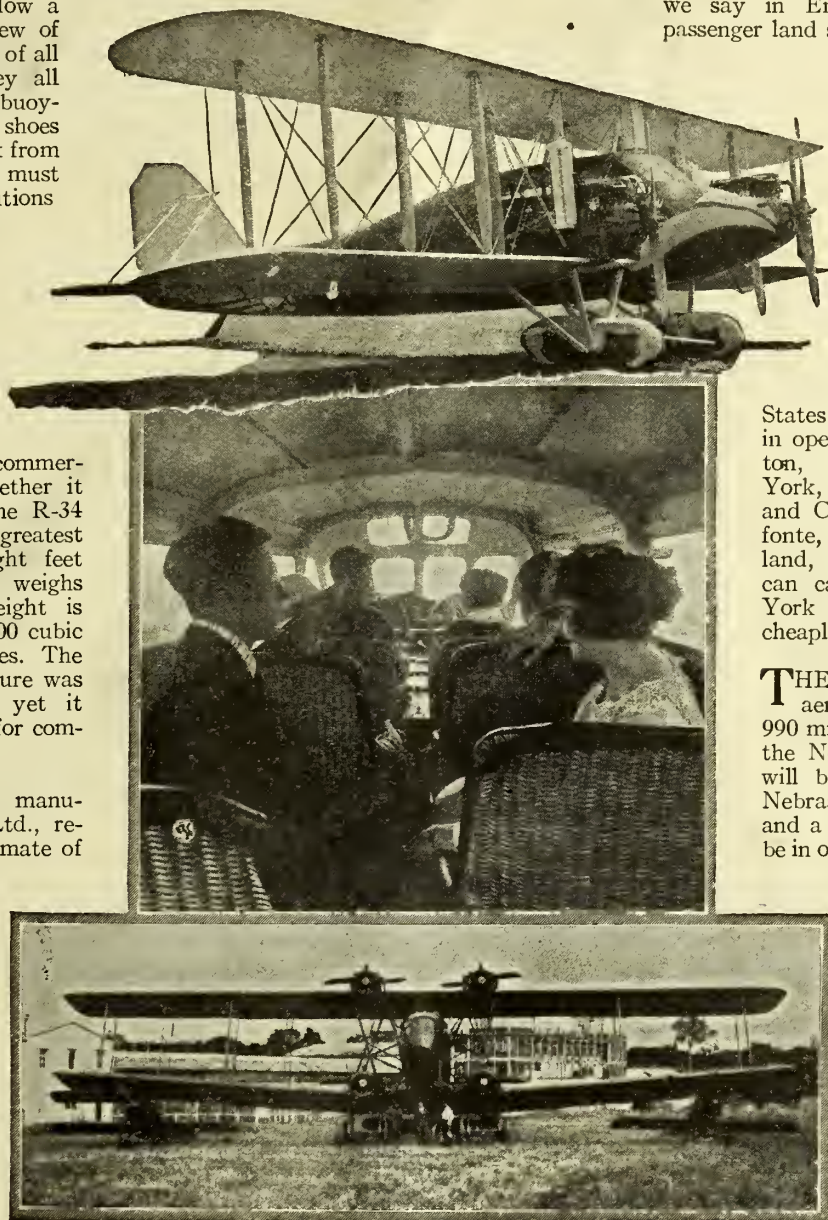
THE total mileage of the aerial mail routes is only 990 miles, but in all probability the New York-Chicago service will be extended to Omaha, Nebraska, by early spring, and a feeder line is expected to be in operation between Chicago and St. Louis by January 1. A service between Florida and the West Indies is under consideration, but this route cannot be established unless a specific appropriation is granted by Congress. Further extensions of the established routes and the inauguration of additional routes is precluded by the limited appropriation for operation and extension.

Great Britain operates 970 miles of

aerial mail route between the following points: London to Paris, 220 miles; London to Brighton, fifty miles; London to Birmingham, 100 miles; London to Amsterdam, 230 miles; London to Folkstone, sixty miles, and Folkstone to Cologne, 260 miles.

France leads the world with 2,060 miles of aerial mail service in operation as follows: Paris to Brussels, 170 miles; Paris to Bordeaux, 260 miles; Paris to Lille, 125

(Continued on page 33)



The Curtiss Eagle (above) carries six passengers and two pilots 350 miles in three and one-third hours. In the center is shown its cabin, equipped with electric lights and other conveniences. The lower picture shows a Bleriot which carries twenty-eight passengers.

is a heavy charge, for the maximum life of an airship is about three years.

It is doubtful if trans-Atlantic airship passenger service would be patronized sufficiently to make it a paying venture at the necessarily high rate of passage which would have to be charged. Without government subsidy it is difficult to imagine that anyone would advance capital sufficient to attempt such a service.



The Boche looter.

Painted by Harvey Dunn

Craftfilm Turns to Comedy

UNQUESTIONABLY the girl who emerged from Old Blight's office had been crying, a circumstance sufficient in itself to awaken the interest and sympathy of the young man waiting for the elevator. Charlie's motto was cheer; his rule of life a laugh, a joke, and an unflagging optimism.

He could picture to himself the vinegary chief of Craftfilm and the merciless browbeating the girl probably had received at the old man's hands. Charlie was the new scenario editor and there is always a certain duty of loyalty to one's company. Here was a bad impression to be eradicated, or Craftfilm would suffer. It was possible that he could alleviate the girl's distress and, besides, it would be a privilege to speak to her. She was very pretty.

"You found Mr. Gordon in an unsympathetic mood this morning!" he hazarded, touching her arm.

She started.

"Yes, but——"

He laughed and hastened to interrupt.

"Nothing remarkable about that observation at all!" he explained. "No mantle of Sherlock Holmes has fallen on my shoulders!" Another chuckle. "Amos Gordon, Esquire, is always in an unsympathetic mood!" At that moment the down elevator stopped and he helped her into the car.

During their descent she studied him curiously as if wondering whether to resent his speaking to her, undetermined just how to take him. At the bottom he grasped her arm again, piloting her out of the building, an office structure off Fifth Avenue in the Times Square district.

"We call him Old Blight, you know!" he went on, keeping beside her as she started towards Broadway. "He's guaranteed to wither anything that shows the slightest inclination of growth or improvement. Why, next to Amos Gordon, Louis the Fourteenth was a rank progressive!" He grinned broadly and then, with a sudden expression of mischief, and taking her arm again: "Let him fasten his blasting glance upon anything green, or red——" He paused, watching her with anticipation.

Subconsciously she carried a hand up to her hair. The sun, striking down through the canon formed by the skyscrapers, shone through it and for the moment it glistened like burnished copper. Her face, however, as she glanced towards him, was unappreciatively and ruefully sober.

"You're a great kidder, aren't you?"

"It's a gift!" he admitted, cheerfully.

They were silent until they reached Sixth Avenue. There she stopped.

"YOU realize, of course, that we are not acquainted! Not even in the slightest degree!"

"Aw!" He frowned. "We've walked half a block together, and—we've both had a dose of old Gordon's cantankerousness this morning!"

She laughed, melting a little.

"All right! We'll admit a wee bit of



By MARC EDMUND JONES

acquaintanceship. And now, Mr. Miller, which way are you going?"

"Miller?" He looked his surprise. It wasn't his name.

"Yes!" There was an alluring whimsicality in the play of expression over her features. "Isn't Joe Miller's the book of the worst jokes?"

"Ouch!" He looked up into her face but dropped his eyes before the twinkle in hers, realizing she possessed the power to make him feel abashed and foolish.

"You are going south on Sixth Avenue?" she suggested.

"I——" he stopped with a sudden thought. "If I say which way I'm going," he protested, "you'll be going in the opposite direction!"

"Smart boy!" For half a minute she studied him. "Am I to expect your company for the rest of the day, or are you coming home with me under the impression that mother might be looking for boarders, or what?"

"I——I thought perhaps you'd let me take you to lunch!"

She slipped her hands into the big pockets of the long coat of her suit and turned to face him directly.

"Why?"

"Well——" His assurance refused to respond to a frantic mental S. O. S. "When I saw you come out of the old man's office, and could see he'd jumped all over you, I—I wanted to give you a better impression of Craftfilm——"

"You work for Craftfilm?" This she hadn't realized.

"Yes!" His confidence began to return. "I figured we could talk and perhaps I could help you in some way?"

"Suppose——" she watched him quizzically—"suppose I'm trying to get a chance to act on the screen for Craftfilm?"

He brightened.

"That's exactly what I assumed!"

"And you want to take me to lunch to see if you think I'll do?"

"Yes, and——" with sudden assumed ingenuousness, "I thought, too, that I might be able to make some of the

fellows at Sharp's jealous!"

She dimpled. From the soles of her tiny and immaculate pumps to the crown of her black lisere straw, she was a picture; and they both knew it.

"For that last reason," she said, "I'll go!" And she linked her arm in his.

THEIR steps took them a block down Sixth and a few doors further west toward Broadway. Sharp's chop house was the regular noon rendezvous of a large number of the younger film men. Charlie's recently acquired connection with the movies had introduced him to all the mysterious ways of the business, and lunch at Sharp's was an unwritten law. There was quite a buzz as he came in with the girl, but they soon were left to their unobserved devices at a table in the corner of the upstairs dining-room.

"What do you think?" she asked, after the blueprints had been set before them. "Have I picture possibilities?"

She had taken off her hat and slipped her coat back over the chair behind her. Charlie hardly could take his eyes from her hair, piled upon her head in dazzling fashion, yet he noticed the delicacy of her coloring, the fineness and firmness of her skin at neck and throat, and a sheer regularity of features which even to his unpracticed eye made for success upon the screen.

For a while she stood his gaze without change of expression. Then she realized that he was more fascinated than he was engaged in a technical examination of her, and she became herself. Her eyes twinkled and softened. Her mouth twitched and little delicate muscles revealed themselves here and there as each flash of expression chased the other across her face. It was as though she were a finely strung musical instrument, responding to a master musician. Charlie, from staring at her hair, took to watching her face; and he finally caught the idea more accurately than would a man trained in selecting casts and satiated with types.

"You have a face that can express anything!" he exclaimed. "And change instantly, too! You are a born comedienne, and I'll bet my last dollar you can make good!" His conclusion reached, he was all enthusiasm. "I've been after Craftfilm to make comedy, and I'm going to keep after them and put it over and when I do—get you in!"

She leaned forward, brightening at his verdict.

"Do you really think you can do something for me?"

He nodded, then sobered.

"Have you had any experience?"

"Oh, yes!" She was reminiscent.

"I've played a lot of no-account things in the movies, but I've never had a real chance!"

"Suppose——" he trembled at his own temerity, "suppose I should arrange to star you? Could you get away with it?"

"I played second leads in nearly forty



"You — you up-start! Who's running Craftfilm?"

pictures on the coast, before I came east!"

"And you've had no luck in the east?" Relieved, he was sympathetic. There was a flash of feeling in her face.

"Not a darn bit!" He had one other question.

"Have you ever done comedy?" She laughed.

"It's the only thing I can do; that is, decently!"

"Well!" He leaned back to make room for the waiter. "I'll have you starring in a comedy feature before you half believe it's true!"

She settled to her luncheon and for some time nothing was said. Charlie caught her glancing at him now and then, and it seemed to him that he had awakened an interest in himself. It would be almost too much to hope—yet if he could succeed in placing her with Craftfilm! He squared his shoulders as he thought over new methods of attack at the office, fresh schemes for making Old Blight see picture making as he viewed it after a month and a half's contact with the industry. Comedy! That was what the public wanted! Craftfilm's releases were too serious, too terribly melodramatic!

IT WAS the girl who broke the silence. She pushed her plate away and leaned elbows on the cloth.

"It must be wonderful to be connected with the inside of picture-making!" she murmured. "It must be fascinating to have a lot to say about the kind of pictures a company shall make, the stars they shall employ, and everything like

that!" Her eyes, masking her own feelings, bored directly into his as if seeking to read him. He flushed.

"I—I don't have much to say!" he explained, reluctantly, "but I am going to have a lot to do with things pretty soon now!"

"Still you have had a lot of experience!"

"No!" he shook his head dolefully. "Six weeks is all!"

"Six weeks!" She expressed incredulity. He laughed, the humor of it striking him suddenly.

"Before I started with Craftfilm," he confessed, "I don't believe I saw a dozen moving pictures in my life. I always worked in commercial business lines and whatever I know about the movies I've learned in my month and a half!"

"What is your position? What do you do?"

"Scenario editor!"

"Do you know how to write a scenario?" Her eyes twinkled.

"Nope!" It was easy to be frank and honest with her, somehow. She burst into laughter.

"I'm going to like you!" she said, after a moment. "You're not a picture man—you're different! Tell me, how did Craftfilm happen to hire you, and why do they keep you?" He studied her face, but she was friendly now and interested. The mask was gone. The girl no longer was on her guard.

"Because—" he hesitated, and then smiled. "Because I'm always cracking bum jokes, and making a fool out of myself, and—well, trying to be the life of the party morning, noon, and night!"

"Tell me, please! Pretty please!" she pouted, expressing doubt.

"That's straight!" He was sober now. "From the day I left school up to taking the Craftfilm job—that's nine years—I've lost almost a hundred different positions, and all from trying to be funny!"

"But it can't be!" Her eyes were wide.

"That's just about the truth, though!"

He lit a cigarette. "I'd take a position and try hard to make good and keep interested, but somehow until I got this Craftfilm thing I never was able to keep my mind occupied. It was always some sort of deadly routine, with red tape and long-faced bosses scowling at you all the time—" he paused. "I've got to be where things keep moving, where there are new problems to face!"

"Then your trouble was that you never found your real work!"

"Thanks for putting it that way! Anyway, I'd lose interest and then my sense of humor would crop up and I'd begin to get funny, and by the time I had everyone in an office laughing all day except the boss, why the boss would politely wave me out of his employ!"

"And Craftfilm?" Her voice was soft, although she smiled.

IHAVE an uncle down town, a lawyer in a prominent firm, who had been keeping an eye on me, having me up to his house now and then. One day he sent for me and explained that his firm represented the minority stockholders in Craftfilm. Craftfilm was losing money and needed more capital. These people were unwilling to put up any more as long as old Gordon stuck to his present policy.

"My uncle explained how the venerable Amos was called Old Blight, and how everyone under him quaked whenever he was around so that nothing was done properly. No one could tell the old man anything, and he could not be kicked out because he owned a majority interest and because his personal reputation in the film industry was about seventy-five per cent of Craftfilm.

"You," said my uncle, 'are hired as scenario editor, starting tomorrow!'

"What's a scenario, or a scenario editor?" I asked.

"You can find that out!" he replied. "I don't know and you don't have to know! Your real job is to go up there and counteract old Gordon's celebrated blight with the not-to-be-celebrated buffoonery which has lost you every job you ever had!"

Once more the girl burst into laughter, leaning back in her chair. Serious, finally, she reached over and touched his hand.

"You have a real interest in what you are doing now?"

"I have!" coloring; "I try to forget the bum humor, and I keep them cheerful up at the office without making a fool of myself, and I'm almost ready to believe I'll bring Old Blight around to my way of thinking!"

"Which is?"

"To make modern light comedy instead of Laura Jean Libby melodrama!"

"And that means a chance for me?"

"It does!" He tried to take her hand, still within reach, but she withdrew it.

At the door, fully two hours after their entrance in Sharp's, she turned to him.

"Mr. Stranger!" she said. "I wish you all the success in the world, for your sake as well as mine!" She started off.

"But your name? And where I can reach you?" He stopped her.

"Oh!" Suddenly and unaccountably she was embarrassed. "I can't give you my home address because my mother, who's a dear old lady out of touch with the world, has never dreamed that I have been in the movies, and—you mustn't know my home! But a letter to General Delivery, Station G, New York City—" she looked up at him.

"That's all right. But if I just address it General Delivery the general himself will get it, not you. Your—your name?" She glanced away.

"Claire! Claire Wentworth!" He jotted it down. She started to leave, but he stopped her once more.

"You might care for my name?" To her own apparent irritation she flushed as she nodded.

"It's Charles, and"—laughing—"not Miller, Mullen!" She smiled and again attempted to go. He held her.

"I'm at Craftfilm's, you know!" Can't I see you some time? Won't you phone me, say tomorrow morning, and—we can do something tomorrow night!" For quite a while she hesitated.

"All right, I will—Charlie!" With that she broke away, her trim figure soon lost to his sight in the crowds of theatergoers hurrying to the matinee.

OLD BLIGHT was on a genuine rampage when Charlie returned to the office. Wells, the advertising man, who shared Charlie's room, was the first to advise him.

"Gee, young fellow!" was the greeting from that worthy. "The old man's laying for you right, believe me! He's been raving in and out of here a dozen times since noon! Better hurry and see him!"

Charlie started out, grinning. After his lunch with the lady of the glorious red hair the clouds might collapse, the stars might start to bombard each other, or the earth might suddenly become flat and develop a slippery edge all around. Fellows, the sales and promotion manager, intercepted him to caution him. Cooper, the treasurer, shook his hand mournfully. Miss Eller, who took his dictation, met him and whispered words of encouragement. It all was wasted.

He entered the sanctum of chronic irascibility with a brisk step and perched upon a corner of Gordon's mahogany desk when the old man did not look up immediately.

"What's the matter, chief?" he asked.

Old Blight did not attempt to browbeat his young editor. He had learned it only provoked a broader smile upon the junior's face. But the fact had not sweetened his temper or dulled the edge of his sarcasm.

"Roman banquet?" he inquired, looking at his watch.

"Nope!" Charlie felt he could afford to be candid. "Pretty lady!"

"What the——" but the frankness had disarmed him for the moment. "Authoress?" he inquired.

"No! A Miss Wentworth who's going to play leads for us when I can get you to see the handwriting on the booking sheets and make comedy!"

Charlie could hardly know that in this explanation he not only put a finger

upon a very sore spot, but applied considerable pressure. The veins in the neck of the older man swelled blue, his iron gray hair actually bristled, and he jammed the two forefingers of each hand into the pockets of his leather waistcoat with such force that a button flew off and rang against a cuspidor across the room. The vest was a treasured heirloom of circus days and the beginnings of picture-making. The defection of the button hurt him no less than the attitude of his young editor. For minutes he was inarticulate.

"You—you upstart!" he managed to cry out, finally. "Who's running Craftfilm?" he demanded, his voice sinking to a hoarse whisper. "Who made the first melodrama, the first real moving picture, 'The Great Train Robbery'?" I did! Who started the Indian pictures, renting a whole farm on Staten Island when other producers were afraid to spend a

nickle? I did! Who discovered California and built the first studio there? I did! Who made the first two-reeler? I, my boy! And the first three-reeler? Amos Gordon, that's who!" Charlie smiled, waiting for the squall to subside.

"And now you come here and try to tell me things! Why you haven't seen a hundred pictures, or ever been near a camera, or even watched the taking of a scene!" For a moment his scorn softened his irritation; then he remembered his grievance. "And now see here!" His voice rose and he took his fingers from his waistcoat pockets. "When I say we make melodrama we make melodrama! Understand? And don't you ever let me catch you sending another comedy story over to the studio for them to read!"

"OH!" Charlie grasped the trouble. "Jane's Extra Husband" is a wonderful farce, and I thought——"

(Continued on page 35)



It was the girl who broke silence. She
away and leaned elbows on the table.

pushed her plate

The Gentle Reader Rebels

By CAROL BIRD

ONE has only to glance at the impressive formations of war books, marshaled on the shelves of any public library, to confirm the thought that the authors have done their bit. More than a glance is required to take in the war sections of the more pretentious libraries. The Public Library in New York, for example, contains 18,000 volumes on the war, and the Library of Congress, in Washington, covers the subject even more thoroughly. The most modest public or private book collections are seldom without their old standbys on the great conflict.

Yes, the authors have done their bit, and by the same token, so has the reading public. It has done its bit and knocked off on war stuff.

It is not that one meets no one in the war-book reading rooms, or that the numerous tomes written about the late fight have passed entirely to that stage where their only consideration is at the hands of the worthy who wields the feather duster on abandoned quartos of electrotyped thought. There still is some call for printed matter on the war, but a most superficial examination of the variety of this patronage suffices to reveal that this is of a special rather than of a general nature. The student of the war and the effects thereof, in any of its technical, economic or political phases, is as absorbed in his topic as ever. But the student is not the "gentle reader."

The gentle reader has been docile enough, but, like the worm, he has turned. The rebellion of the gentle reader may be accounted for in many ways. First off, a considerable portion of his number has seen service with the fighting forces, and the chances are about as good as even that if he has ever been in action at all he has seen, first hand, about all a war book can hope to give him second hand. Personally, the war is an old subject with him, and he doesn't care to read much more about it, but, strange contradiction, he will talk about it for hours, especially when he meets an old pal from the outfit or the ship.

His great reading days were in the early stage of his service, when he was in the training camp at home or getting ready to go there. Then he seized upon every printed line of war stuff he could lay his hands on and with what avidity he devoured it! In 1917 Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand" went about as well among recruits as the Drill Regulations or the Bluejacket's Manual. And how the prospective fighter tried to imagine himself in the boots of the various characters whose adventures were described! That was his thrill in those days, but it is his thrill no more.

For the rest of us who didn't go, well, during the war we read war stuff, partly

through interest, partly through a sense of patriotic duty, and partly in an effort to acquire a truer understanding of the lives our men were living in the service. Those urges exist no longer. And as for reminiscence, most of us have a veteran right back in our own homes. We get the straight dope, first hand, from him, and it is not necessary to seek it out from

literature, and it would seem that their work will never end. It is all they can do to keep abreast with the current increase, let alone clear up the past, for war books are still being written. Many of the late ones are special studies, not calculated to excite universal interest. The steady bombardment of "popular" war books is on the decline.

Every episode of the great war, every scrap of personal experience has been utilized—put into book form for the con-

struction of the complete historical picture. These books touch on every conceivable phase of the war. High-lights are caught in genuine narratives, personal stories of people, who, by accident or design, were caught by the tide of the war; the records of the fighting men themselves; relief workers; officers; newspaper men who were participants in the great battle; newspaper men and writers who were "covering" the story; physicians and surgeons in the great army hospitals; nurses who cared for the wounded men; representatives of various foreign countries engaged in the war;

entertainers who went abroad to amuse the soldiers; released prisoners—every one who could, by any personal experience, no matter how small or insignificant it might seem, throw some light upon historical events, wrote about them.



The steady bombardment of "popular" war books is on the decline

the printed page and from the pen of an utter stranger in whom we have no personal interest. That personal interest in the narrator will keep alive the fires of reminiscence until grandchildren, unthought of today, hear on the knees of bent and bearded men, tales which are improving in the telling even now. It was ever thus.

Possibly those grandchildren, their imaginations fired by the stirring recitals, will be moved to seek a more thorough knowledge of the war than will be given in their school histories. Possibly, then, they will turn to the libraries, and up from the mouldy basements will come thousands of forgotten volumes to reclaim their places of honor on the current shelves. Possibly, by that day and age, bibliographers will be able to supply some accurate data on the number of war books published.

Such data are unavailable now—impossible to acquire. Since the year 1914, books have so poured from the presses of every land that a complete and comprehensive census thereof has not been possible. Compilers in the large libraries are now engaged in registering war

CONSIDERED for what they are worth, either separately or collectively, many of these books are of little informative value, except to indicate the tremendous thirst for everything and anything pertaining to the war that the non-participating public had while the war was going on. The plier of the ready pen who had the most superficial knowledge of actual conditions, or whose personal experiences, as far as exposure to danger is concerned, were nothing, rushed into print and got a liberal hearing.

Books on the origin of the war probably will be written a thousand years hence. They were being written in August, 1914, and it is not certain that Germany, which "foresaw everything," may not have started her kulturists a few months before that. Certainly Germany had the bulge on the Allies in that regard, and there is no good reason to disbelieve that she did not profit by her advance information.

Then there are service and language manuals; books on aeronautics; finance and the war; reminiscences of the war; the wounded after the war; books on ethnic, historical and immediate causes of the war; books on the political history of the belligerents and the neutrals; sketches of the rulers who were at war; sketches of the army and navy chiefs; diaries of the war; day by day records of the great conflict; books of history and

(Continued on page 29)

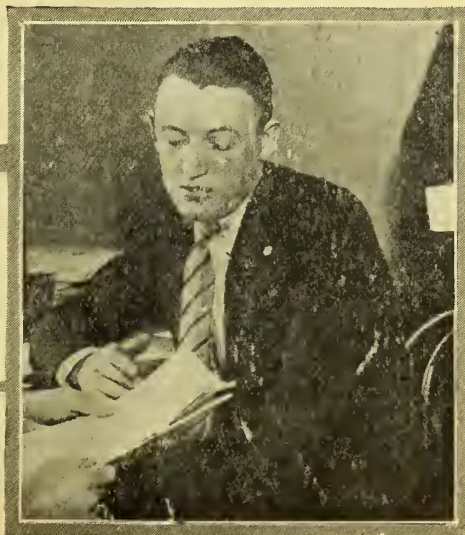
Sgt. Harry G. Kramer, Twenty-seventh Division, is assistant superintendent of a construction company, after being awarded a D.S.C. and a Croix de Guerre for efficient work with a big destruction company in France

Now That They're Back

The partnership of Frederick Monahan and Lawrence Taborsky is still intact. They enlisted together in the 165th Infantry, served together, won citations together, and now are working together as auto mechanics.



Pvt. S. K. Newhall, Twenty-ninth Division, won a D.S.C. and Croix de Guerre for delivering a message under fire. Now he is chief delivery clerk for a steamship company. He has an Italian Croce de Guerre.



Sidney Schoenfeld, 372d Infantry, is selling ladies wear. He also has a fine line of men's wear—Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with two stars, and Fourragere.

J. E. Bougie is now selling war savings stamps to pay for his trip over to France where he won a D.S.C. and Croix de Guerre with the Medical Corps of the 106th Infantry.

BURSTS and DUDS



Murphy had lost his eye and had with pride secured a glass one to replace it. One day he was on guard duty without his false eye.

"You, Murphy, you're not dressed properly. Where's your eye?" asked the O. D.

"Sure, sorr, Oi left in me tent to keep an eye on me barrack bag while Oi am on guard."

A soldier from the front applied to a hotel for a job as cook.

"What can you cook?" asked the hotel manager.

"Anything," replied the dough-boy.

"Well, how do you make hash?"

"You d o n't make it, sir; it accumulates."

—*Ladies Home Journal.*

At the camp movies the screen hero was on the verge of a great discovery. In a long chemist's apron, with his brows knit in concentration, he tried acid after acid in a vain attempt to dissolve a stubborn metal and clear up the last obstacle to fame and fortune.

It was a hard nut to crack, and he seemed out of luck, till a doughboy in the rear of the room suggested confidently, "Say, Mac, try the camp coffee. That'll do the business."

For ten minutes Lieutenant Crugan had earnestly instructed his men on the fine points of crossing No Man's Land.

"And when we reach that gully and I say 'down,' you all drop like dead men. Do you get that?"

Ten minutes later they were advancing. When they reached the gully the lieutenant rasped out, "Down!" All dropped except McLuden, who stood writhing miserably.

"You rube, get down, get down!" bellowed the officer.

"I can't, sir," spluttered McLuden, in agony. "I've got a bottle in my back pocket and the cork isn't in it."

The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.

A detail of Florida Guard troops were standing before a company kitchen at Camp Wheeler when a Georgia convict wagon passed, hauling clay.

"Hey, Sam," yelled an army-sick rookie to the stripe-clad negro driver, "I'll swap uniforms with you."

"Not a chance, white boy," laughed the convict, "Ah knows when Ah'll git out."



Suggestion No. 100,005 for stimulating attendance at local post meetings: Force some of the mess sergeants and cooks to eat their own "slum."

In the confusion of the advance the chaplain was separated from his outfit. Night found him in No Man's Land without his bearings and aimlessly seeking his own lines. He stumbled into a broken trench and flopped when voices reached him. Friends or enemies? Had he blundered into the Hun lines?

Uttering a prayer, he made ready to do or die, when a sharp voice cut the death-like silence:

"Who in hell led that last ace?"

"Thank God, I'm among Christians," the padre murmured as he reached for his plug of Granger Twist.—*Red Diamond.*

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.

"Lie on your backs, raise your legs in the air, and move them as if you were riding bicycles," he ordered.

After a short effort one of the men stopped.

"What's the matter, Murphy?" asked the officer.

"If ye plase, sorr," was the answer, "I'm coasting."

The policeman knocked loudly at the door from which came screams of mortal anguish. Neighbors stuck forth their heads from windows and wondered audibly who was being murdered. Others, less curious but sleepier, knocked irritably on partitions and cried for the police. So the policeman bravely knocked again.

"What's all the racket? What are you pulling off in here?" he shouted through the key-hole.

Back came the tired voice of the wife, while the husband continued his protests:

"A porous plaster, if you must know."

Corporal Jones of the 152d Depot Brigade was sneaking off behind the company barracks to avoid work when he stumbled on a stranger and the following conversation took place:

Stranger: "Say, who are you?"

Jones: "Why, who are you?"

Stranger: "I'm Dodgin, the new sergeant."

Jones: "So am I. Come on, let's smoke."

The timid doughboy, on his first day under fire, left his company unceremoniously and fled rearward. He had covered a lot of distance before he pulled up at the command of a portly soldier:

"Halt, there! Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm just going. Who are you?"

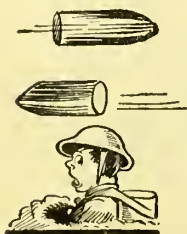
"I'm General Richardson."

"Holy smokes! I didn't know I'd run as far as that!"

A famous financier was taken seriously ill at the age of ninety and felt that his end was near.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, "the Lord isn't going to take you till you've passed the hundred mark."

"No, my friend," said the aged banker, "that wouldn't be good finance. Why should the Lord wait till I reach par when he can pick me up at ninety?"



Let Us Be Thankful

By JACK COLLINS



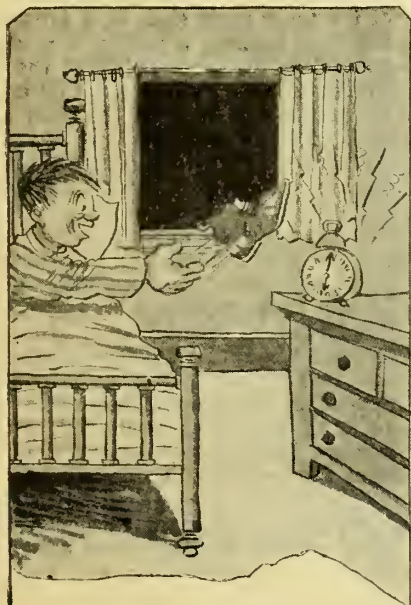
That heavy woollens
will hold no fear
for a decootied
soldier this
year.



That
our
dear
li'l' American
girls
"com-
pree."



That by
mortgag-
ing the
farm we
still can
clothe our-
selves.



That there will be no reveille
for most of us this Thanks-
giving morning.



That we, the privates, will not
prepare nor wash dishes for
this Thanksgiving chow.



That we can take a bath now
about once a month anyway.



That this is the only rocking
our gobs will do this Thanksgiving.



That no matter what the chow is it will be
better than the "slum" of yesteryear.

BULLETIN BOARD

The Army of Occupation is ruling its section of Germany with no lenient hand. In the *Amaroc News* there is a daily column of reports from the blotter of the military police. Among the cases recorded these two are typical: A German chauffeur was arrested for wearing an army slicker. When he pleaded guilty to wearing part of the American uniform, he was sentenced to forty-five days in the military prison. Further, two laborers who drove their wagon on the left of the road and violated traffic regulations were fined one hundred marks.

Soviet Russia has stopped the practice of giving Christian names to children. Hereafter they will all bear numbers. Thus in time we shall read in the Soviet social columns: "A son, Ivanitch number 33, was born today to Ivanitch number 6 and Ivanitcha number 8. This family has now completed the multiplication table up to 7." This must be what logarithms were made for.

Those unused hand grenades that were turned into dime savings banks with the permission of the War Department have now been seized by the Ordnance Department, which refuses to permit their distribution. It is asserted they could easily be made into bombs by our anarchists. It seems as though we lived in a good deal of unnecessary dread of obnoxious activity.

Not only has Petrograd not fallen, but even Krasnaia Gorka is still intact. This harrowing news is disappointing to supporters of Yudenitch. A man with such a suggestive name should at least be able to accomplish that much, but he seems to be having some obscure difficulty in the Petchenga district.

A man has been arrested in Brooklyn for wearing the uniform of a lieutenant commander without authority. He pleaded guilty, saying that his wife bought the outfit for him, sewed on a service stripe, and christened him with the rank.

The *Amaroc News*, by the way, is a lively little sheet. Up to November 1 it was distributed free, but since then it has based its circulation on a regular subscription price of twenty marks a month, payable in advance. Its files will be historic memoirs some day.

At the request of Attorney General Palmer, the Senate Labor Committee ordered a favorable report on the House bill for deportation and permanent exclusion from the United States of alien anarchists.

Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, having reached the mature age of eighteen, is entitled to a seat in the Belgian Senate. It is a tender age for such an exposed job.

Preference in civil service appointments will hereafter be given to honorably discharged veterans, to widows of such, and to the wives of disabled veterans who themselves are not qualified for civil service positions. Welfare workers, nurses, civilians attached to the A. E. F., those discharged from the draft without being accepted, and contract surgeons are not included in the bill that makes this possible.



Corp. Alfonse Garritano
wasn't a citizen when the war started but he is now. His service record is one of which two wounds tell only a part. He had a son in the American army and one who served with Italy's forces. Now they're all going to be Americans not only in valor but in citizenship.

Discussing the aliens within our gates, Representative Kelly of Pennsylvania said before the House: "The alien slacker was a parasite. He fastened upon the body and sucked the blood of America and gave nothing in return. He was a cootie on our citizenship, he was arsenic in the body politic, he was a cancer which must be removed, he was rust on our sword, a blemish in our unity, a palsy on our purpose, a brake on our progress, a stint in our strength. His room is more valuable than his presence. The alien slacker must go!" After this, the chances of our getting some action on the subject should be better.

The War Department has promised to bring back from France the bodies of the dead whose relatives insist on this action. So far, in answer to a letter sent out to bereaved homes, 16,000 persons have asked that this action be taken.

When the House was debating the bill to lend the Legion army rifles on special occasions, some Congressmen wanted to include any and all veteran organizations in the bill because the Private Soldiers and Sailors' Legion had asked to be included. Representative Bee protested against this, saying:

"We ought to know what organization it is that wants rifles. I am perfectly willing to leave it to The American Legion and its subordinate organizations; I know the Legion will control its organizations and will have no trouble. The American Legion is gradually absorbing in its membership the veterans of the world war."

Anyone who is good at puzzles can read this and make out from it what the official insignia for naval and military airplanes will be henceforth. Says the official bulletin: "a red circle inside of a white, five-pointed star, inside of a blue circumscribed circle, the circumference of the inner circle shall be a tangent to the lines forming a pentagon made by connecting the inner points of the star. The inner circle shall be red, that part of the star not covered by the inner circle shall be white, and that part of the circumscribed circle not covered by either the inner circle or the star shall be blue."

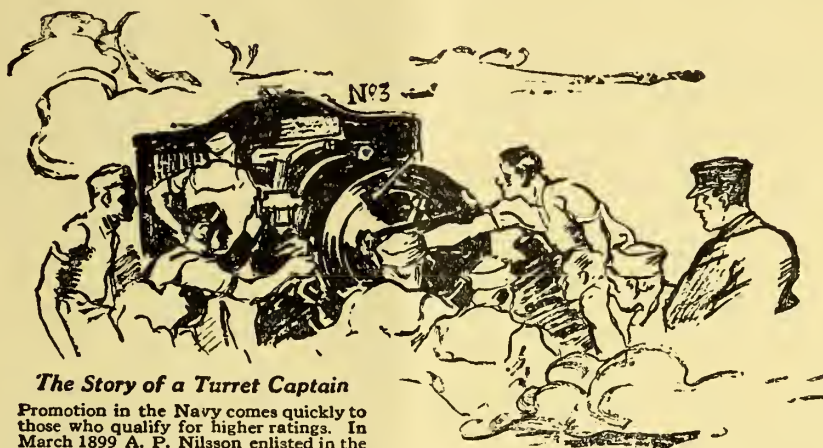
If those who are anxious to build roads for the government will step forward, they can join the proposed Public Service Corps suggested by Representative Hulings of Pennsylvania. He wants to make a body of 175,000 men, organized with four companies to each congressional district, of men from eighteen to twenty years' of age. They will thus receive military training and be useful at the same time—a valuable combination.

Army reservists are raising a kick. They enlisted for three years active and four years reserve duty, and they are still on the job. Although the President has decided that demobilization is complete, these men are held while the draftees are let out. Strange to say, they don't like it much.

From Andernach, Germany, to Little Rock, Ark., is a long leap. It has just been made by the *Watch on the Rhine*, the eight-page weekly issued by the Third Division. If the weekly does as well in the more congenial atmosphere of Arkansas as it did in Germany, it has a great future.

Company K, 332d Infantry, has published a neat book of its doings in the war. It carries the company from Camp Sherman, to Italy and back again. Photographs of all the men in the company help to make this a desirable volume.

The House Military Committee has reported out a bill to grant six months pay to the widows or parents of men who died in service during the war.



The Story of a Turret Captain

Promotion in the Navy comes quickly to those who qualify for higher ratings. In March 1899 A. P. Nilsson enlisted in the Navy as an Apprentice Seaman, 3rd class. In April 1907 he was rated Chief Turret Captain. His pay today is \$165.76 per month.

A man's life — among men!

Reel them off—"Rio", Gibraltar; Ceylon, Yokohama—all the great ports of the world—are they only places on the map to you—or are they ports where you've gone sailing in from the high seas with every eye along the shore turned admiringly on your big ship—*your ship*! Every ocean has a United States ship sailing for some port worth seeing.

If you've any call in you for a full life—join, and color all your years ahead with memories of things worth seeing—with knowledge worth having—with an inexhaustible fund of sea tales and adventures picked up ashore and

afloat that will make you a welcome man in any company.

Work?—sure, and a man's *work* it is, among men.

Play?—well, rather, with a bunch of men who know how to play. These comrades of yours carry in their ears the sounds of great world cities, of booming guns, of swashing seas—sounds you will share with them and that will never die away.

And when you come home, you'll face life ashore with level eyes—for Uncle Sam trains in *self-reliance* as well as self-respect. The Navy builds straight *men*—no mollicoddles.

Enlist for two years. Excellent opportunities for advancement. Four weeks holidays with pay each year. Shore leave to see inland sights at ports visited. Men always learning. Good food and first uniform outfit free. Pay begins the day you enlist. Get full information from your nearest recruiting station. If you do not know *where* the nearest recruiting station is, ask your Postmaster. He knows.

Shove off! -Join the U. S. Navy



WHAT THE LOCAL POSTS ARE DOING

One of the Legion's most interesting posts is the S. Rankin Drew Post in New York City. It is composed entirely of men whose business is to "amuse the tired business man," according to the post's correspondent, writers, actors and others in the amusement world. It meets every first and third Sunday in the month at Keen's Chop House, and all members of the allied arts are invited to drop in there on a Sunday afternoon with their discharge papers and three dollars.

Nearly two hundred sick and disabled service men, from Letterman Hospital at Alameda, Cal., attended a picnic and outing party of Alameda Post recently. Alameda citizens contributed \$125 to pay the necessary expenses.

Before local posts of the State of Oregon can take any action on questions of policy involving class controversies, they must first submit such questions to the state organization. An exception is made where The American Legion is directly attacked.

The H. C. of L. committee of L. A. Engle Post of Warren, Ariz., has established an open-air municipal market to serve the public. On the opening day of the market, eighteen small truck loads of produce were offered for sale. Since that time the sales have averaged from \$1,500 to \$2,200 each Wednesday and Saturday, the two market days, and prices have been lowered 60 per cent.

Speaking of red tape and the Federal Board for Vocational Education, here is the first paragraph of an article which appeared recently in a Chicago paper:

"A bright new sword with a razor edge has been forged by The American Legion to tackle that scarlet serpent which has wound its coils around every chapter of the country's post-war history. Red tape is the serpent that has hissed in defiance of war veterans of the past. And red tape is going to be trailed to its bureaucratic lairs by Colonel Milton J. Foreman, state commander of The American Legion and his angry cohorts."

As a result of a threatened round-up of aliens in Grand Rapids by a local post of The American Legion, Louis Peters, a Hollander, went to the offices of a local paper and said he never wanted to become a citizen so badly in his life. Although he has been in this country fourteen years, Louis admitted that the subject of citizenship had not interested him until The American Legion got on his trail.

"It is necessary that we strike at the root of the discontent now spreading here, and our first step is the obliteration of anarchistic newspapers, magazines and periodicals," reads a resolution passed by members of The American Legion in New Brunswick, N. J. A committee of three was appointed to take up with local newsdealers the question of barring radical publications from sale in New Brunswick.

Tank Corps Post has been organized in Washington, D. C., by former "treat 'em rough" soldiers. The members are making plans to organize a minstrel troupe to reproduce the "Tank Corps Follies," as shown to more than 100,000 members of the A. E. F. in England, France and Germany.

A sham battle, review and dance will be held at the 47th Regiment Armory in Brooklyn on the night of December 13 by the members of James L. Young Post, No. 85. Proceeds are to go toward the erection of a new clubhouse.

Vernon Castle Post No. 22, in Eckley, Col., has enrolled every service man in a radius of eight miles. They have decided that they want, not a bonus, but a system of loans to enable ex-service men to buy their own homes.

William H. Cheney Post, in Peterborough, N. H., lays flat claim to being the best post in New Hampshire and challenges anyone to deny it. Its club rooms include a billiard room with all necessary fittings, a reading room, a reception room, a library (with books), and a fat treasury.

"We allow nothing in Georgia to beat us," writes an official of Birmingham Post No. 1, of Alabama, referring to the fact that a Georgia post put up its membership from sixty-nine to 510. The Alabama post rose in one week from fifty-five to 1,200 paid-up members.

And that isn't all. Malden (Mass.) No. 69 claims almost the same record, asserting it has raised its membership from fifty to "nearly 1,200." However, this was not done in one week, so apparently the Alabama post takes the blue ribbon. Who challenges Alabama?

During the home coming to ex-service men recently held at Polo, Ill., Fagin Post No. 86 was granted concessions, which resulted in a profit of over \$400 to the local post. Fagin Post is now establishing a club room and welcomes any visiting members of The American Legion.

In time there may be a Legion Basketball League. West Hoboken Post No. 14, New Jersey, has started its season by defeating the Palace Five of Jersey City, 24 to 21. Let's have some more scores from Legion teams.

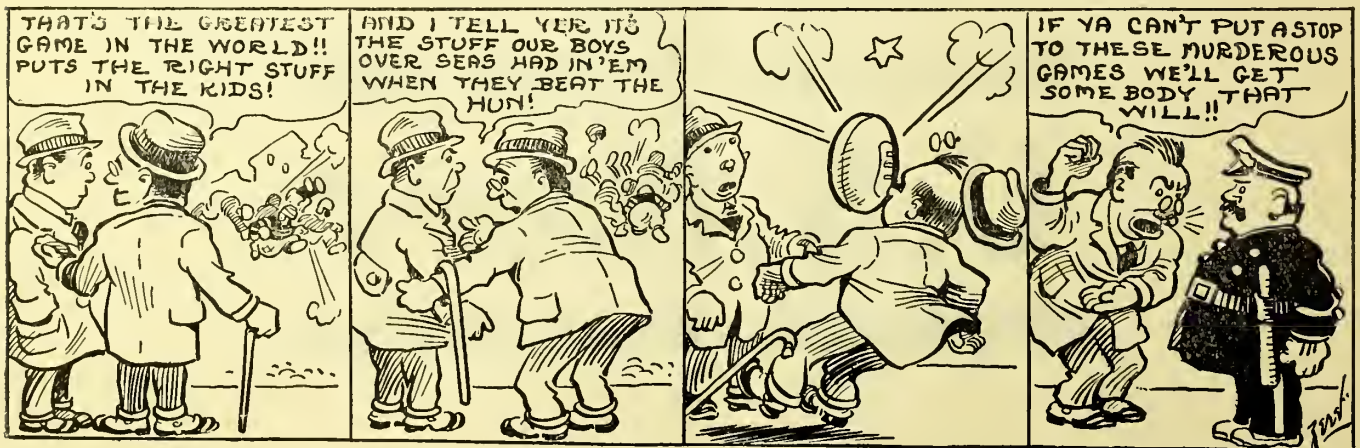
Waterloo Post No. 138, in Iowa, was wise enough to invite every service man in the county to attend the post's get-together recently. One hundred and fourteen new members joined as a result.

The *New Prague* (Minn.) *Times* has joined the list of newspapers which devote a regular amount of space to the Legion's activities.

Michigan's largest post is in Detroit, the Charles A. Learned Post, with about 2,700 members. They have dances with the aid of Ragan-Lide Post, which is composed of nurses.

Post No. 1 has been organized in France. It is to be used as a club by the many men on leave or on duty in Paris.

The *Miami Daily Metropolis* has a regular Legion department.



Before and after

"FOR GOD AND COUNTRY"

(Continued from page 9)

convention that he was not a candidate, and expressed the hope that no national commander of the Legion ever would succeed himself. Later a resolution was adopted thanking Mr. Lindsley for his labors for the Legion and conferring upon him the title of first Past National Commander.

The five Vice-Commanders were elected on the first ballot from among eighteen nominees. With the number of votes received by each, they are: Allen Tukey, of Nebraska, Army, 411; James J. O'Brien, California, Navy, 390; Joyce P. Lewis, Minnesota, Marines, 292; Alden R. Chambers, Massachusetts, Navy, 270; William B. Follett, Oregon, Army, 267. Under the constitution no more than three Vice-Commanders shall have served in the army.

Vice-Commander Lewis was brought to the convention in a wheel chair. He was crippled while endeavoring to save his brother from machine-gun fire at Belleau Wood. He was a delegate from William T. Lewis Post, at Long Prairie, Minn., which was named for his brother.

The Rev. Father Francis A. Kelley, of New York, who won the D. S. C. serving with the Twenty-seventh Division, was elected National Chaplain on the second ballot, over John W. Inzer, of Alabama. The vote was 411 to 246.

While the salary of the National Commander was fixed at \$6,000 a year, Mr. D'Olier announced he would serve without compensation or expenses as he has done in the past. The commander will appoint a national adjutant and the National Executive Committee a national treasurer.

The adoption of the Finance Committee's report, in which the bone of contention was the subscription price to be charged for THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, brought one of the keenest contests of the convention.

ALL delegates were agreed, as one delegate put it, that "The WEEKLY is the life of the Legion," and the convention finally made provision in the constitution for one dollar per year from each Legion member to be paid as a subscription for the magazine.

Indianapolis won the National Headquarters by getting into action early and waging a hard, convincing contest to the last. The Indianans lost the opening engagement of the battle, however, for the Committee on Permanent Location, by a vote of seventeen to sixteen, reported in favor of Minneapolis.

The fight was carried to the floor of the convention on Tuesday morning. Indianapolis, Washington, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Detroit and Wheeling, W. Va., were nominated and a roll call vote was taken.

Washington led on the first ballot with 282 votes. Indianapolis had 226; Minneapolis, 88; Kansas City, 49; and Detroit, 39. The last three cities were eliminated and a new ballot was taken between Washington and Indianapolis. The rival cities ran nip and tuck, with the victory to either one until the last state



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was called. This was Michigan, whose delegates were not in readiness to express their preference when their turn came on the alphabetical list. On the previous ballot Michigan had voted for Detroit, and none knew which way its vote had swung until the chairman announced twenty-three votes for Indianapolis and one for Washington. This gave the Indiana City 361 votes to Washington's 323, which afforded Indianapolis a winning margin of 18 votes.

The chairman of the District of Columbia delegation congratulated Indianapolis on the victory and moved that the choice be made unanimous.

The contest from which Cleveland emerged as the 1920 meeting place of the national convention likewise was carried to the floor after the committee had stood deadlocked between Cleveland and San Francisco. New Orleans, Denver, Seattle and Atlantic City previously had been eliminated. The convention selected Cleveland with 511 votes to 165 for San Francisco.

The French Government, which will voice its gratitude to the American nation by presenting an engraved certificate to the next of kin of each man and woman who died in the service, has selected The American Legion as the instrument through which these tokens are to be distributed. The presentation will take place on February 22, and Legion posts throughout the land will take part, according to action taken on a resolution put by Delegate Stewart, of Virginia. The War Department is preparing lists of the dead by communities, which will be furnished the French Government to guide them in preparing the certificates. A vote of thanks to the French Government was moved in consideration of this honor at its hands.

Post 33, G. A. R., of Woburn, Massachusetts, which has been reduced in number to less than ten veterans, has been adopted by George A. Campbell Post of The American Legion and its gray-haired members have been made honorary members.

The grain department of the public service commission of Salem, Oregon, will employ no aliens who are on the objectionable list of The American Legion.

The Daniel M. O'Connell Post of Rockaway Beach, New York, has asked the city to turn over all municipal news stands to Rockaway's crippled ex-service men so they may have profitable employment.

A special meeting of the police board of Dunkirk, New York, has been called by the mayor to investigate a charge made against Police Chief Fred W. Quandt by Dunkirk Memorial Post, No. 62, that he uttered seditious remarks against service men who were drafted in 1917.

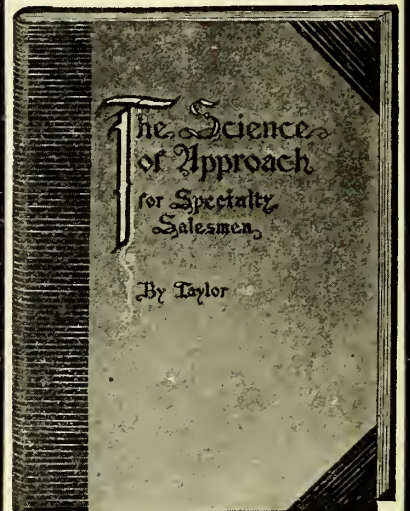
Absolute prohibition of immigration to the United States for a period of two years was urged by The American Legion of Oregon at its convention in Portland.

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THE GENTLE READER REBELS

(Continued from page 20)

politics leading up to the war; books on military and naval science; books on international law and peace propaganda.

The leading statesman, minister or ambassador who has not written his book has plainly shirked his duty, and the leading statesmen and generals who have not had a book written about themselves—well, they are not “leading,” that is all. The names of hitherto obscure personages have leapt into the title lines. The heroic sacrifice of Edith Cavell, the English nurse murdered by the Boche in Belgium, is perpetuated in a hundred different volumes.

For those of a religious turn of mind there is an entire library on the world crisis as seen in the light of Biblical prophecy. War and religion, strange bedfellows that they are, always have been closely allied. One finds books with a religious twist, all the way from the harrowing experiences of chaplains who fought in the line, and priests and preachers who served as common soldiers, to abstract theological discussions which the average reader can read until he turns grey in a hopeless effort to understand

THE pleasant subject of atrocities has been treated in a manner best described by the adjective form of that word. Possibly there is no other way to tell the complete story of the systematic and inhuman barbarities the Germans practiced in Belgium and Poland, the Austrians in the Balkans, the Turks in Armenia.

And then there are—just to skim over a few general topics: Espionage; diplomatic correspondence; military art; economic questions and the war; socialism and the war; the drink question and its bearing on the war; commerce and trade and how it was affected by the war; books on food economy; enemy aliens; problems of the wounded after the war; books on women and the part they played in the great conflict.

Even the children are provided with mental war food, for among the published war books are many for juveniles, telling of the role children were forced to play in the war, their privations, and other misfortunes and their small and useful services. In this assortment also are books on the war which will prove of educational value to the child in his future history lessons.

These are the things the average reader spurns these days. What he reads of the war is that in which the war is brought in by inference. Light literature, the lightest in many years, is the popular kind now. It is not remarkable. Human nature is a pendulum which swings from one extreme to the other.

San Francisco Post No. 1 and Golden Gate Post No. 40 in California are engaged in a neck and neck race to cross the 5,000 membership line. Both posts have over 3,000 members and are growing rapidly.



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“For a long time I watched the new men who came into this business. Some stood still—stayed right where they started. Others climbed—made each job a stepping stone to something better.

“Now, what was the difference? Well, I investigated and found out. The men who were getting ahead had been devoting part of their spare time to study along the line of their work. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The factory superintendent was working at a bench in the shop a few years ago. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room.

“All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

“So out of this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to do their present work well, but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.

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SCATTERING SHOTS

SIDELIGHTS FROM MINNEAPOLIS

Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, and the ranking soldier of the world, sent this message to the American Legion:

"MY VALIANT WAR COMPANIONS":

"The eleventh of November, 1918, saw the capitulation of the enemy. Vanquished Germany was craving for mercy and she delivered over to us such trophies as history had never known. This was indeed the victory of the Allied armies who, ardently fighting, had united in a supreme, continuous and violent effort all their energies as they had united all their hopes. With head erect, the valiant American fighters of the Argonne, of the Meuse, of the Somme, of Flanders, after hard days, resumed once more, by the side of the Allies, the march toward the Rhine. On this day when, for the first time, we celebrate the anniversary of the armistice, I want to be with you to commemorate the past and to tell you that, with our eyes ever raised toward the same ideal of justice and liberty, we must remain united as we have been in the days of trial and the days of triumph.

"Proud to have been at your head, I send my most cordial greetings to the veterans of the Great War, illustrious by their immortal deeds, and to those who, in the camps of America, were preparing with ardor to come and take their part in the battle.

"Lastly I wish to salute, as ever living in a memory of the past and on the threshold of a future common to us, the tombs of those who lie in the soil of France. Resting there they are as a symbol of our indissoluble union."

"FOCH."

"I SEE the Legion members in the states are hot and heavy after the alien slackers and are strong for sending them back from whence they came," remarked George A. Getchell, of Bradford Post No. 4, Juneau, Alaska. "More power to their elbows, but fortunately Alaska is faced with no such problems."

Alaska claims the palm, said Mr. Getchell, for the fewest slackers and the highest percentage service of any state or territory in the Union. Out of 40,000 white people in the territory, including American and foreign born, Alaska put 4,723 men into the fighting services. This is more than one-seventh of the total white population.

Four Legion posts have been organized in the territory at Ketchikan, Juneau, Valdez and at Chorame, the latter being the seat of territorial headquarters. Posts are forming at Nome, St. Michael, and at some of the inland towns and camps. Delegate Getchell says Alaska is just as strong for the Legion as it was against the Boche, and is ambitious to roll up a membership record that will be the equal of its service record in the war.

Mr. Getchell was the sole Alaskan representative at the convention and he had to do some tall stepping to get here. Juneau applied for its post charter on August 20 and received it October 24. Bradford Post held its first meeting on October 28 and elected Mr. Getchell a delegate. He caught the Seattle boat the next day and arrived in Minneapolis on November 7, just in time for the caucus of state delegation heads. Alaska being entitled to four votes on the floor of the convention, Mr. Getchell cast three by proxy.

THE buddy who found Minneapolis a strange sector to him was never up against it very long. Five hundred Boy

Scouts were mobilized as guides and runners and they did their job up to the handle.

ARMISTICE DAY was observed by a parade in which Legionnaires from every state took part. A snowstorm did nothing to cool the ardor either of the marchers or the packed throngs which lined the streets and signalled its progress with a rolling barrage of cheers. A snowstorm, more or less, means little in the lives of the Minneapolitans. They were out in carnival spirit, with their horns and other racket-creating instruments, and even paper snow, until the real thing came along and relieved the revelers of the burden in that particular. Eleven bands furnished music, and members of the G. A. R. and Spanish War Veterans also marched with the Legion.

AMONG the messages of greeting received at the convention, the following from General Pershing came on Armistice Day: "On this first anniversary of Armistice Day, my best wishes go out to the delegates of the first convention of The American Legion. May the same patriotism and devotion with which you were inspired as soldiers in the Great War, guide and direct your deliberations in this Convention.—Pershing."

"AND remember," said Delegate Rose F. Stokes, imparting final instructions to the reporters, who clustered about her in the lobby of the Andrews, "don't call us Yeomanettes; we just hate it." Miss Stokes is commander of U. S. S. Jacob Jones Post, Washington, D. C., the first woman's post organized in the country. "We are Yeomen (F). If there still is anyone who doesn't know, the (F) stands for the female of the species."

"We called our post Betsy Ross at first," she continued, "but gobs came

and told us that Betsy Ross wasn't in the Navy at all, so we had to change our name. The *Jacob Jones* was the destroyer sunk in a fight with a submarine with the loss of sixty-three men."

NO delegate to any affair can claim a right to the name without a badge. The official convention badge was a bronze enlargement of the Legion button, suspended from a red, white and blue ribbon. The ribbon was clasped at the top by a representation of the American eagle with wings outspread and perched upon a shield, which bore the words: "FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION, MINNEAPOLIS, NOVEMBER, 1919." Small leather straps were distributed with the badges to which convention visitors might attach the Legion insignia and have a watch fob souvenir to wear home.

THE beauty about a veteran reunion is that any number from two up make acquaintance. There were hundreds of them in Minneapolis convention week. You couldn't step into a hotel dining-room or a restaurant around show time without running on to, or may be into one. Gatherings of this sort will tend to become more and more a feature of Legion conventions as the years go by. In fact it was freely predicted that at the next convention there will be twice as many visitors, aside from delegates, as there were at Minneapolis—ex-service men and women who will make the trip just with the idea of meeting old pals and having a little yarn-swapping party, where battles are eternally refought and the war rewon. The Rainbow Veterans Association, the organization of the Forty-second Division, saw the point and opened a headquarters in Minneapolis which was thronged day and night. They took over the Lincoln Club for convention week. Edwin Lindell, formerly a sergeant in the 151st Field Artillery, Minnesota's contribution to the Rainbow Division, was in charge. Other divisions undoubtedly will follow suit next year. The Second Division Association met in Chicago convention week and realized its mistake in selecting that date. Major General John A. Lejeune, commander of the old Second, who presided, sent word to Minneapolis that never again would the Second Division Veterans meet the same time as a Legion convention. He need not have said that. They might meet at the same time and the same place, and so might other divisional associations. Such gatherings are the life of any convention.

THERE was plenty in Minneapolis to remind the A. E. F. veteran of France besides the weather on Sunday. For instance, there was the "Genuine Overseas Canteen" on Marquette Avenue. Miss Ethel G. Clark, who handled hand-outs and cigarettes for a year in Toul and other shell-shocked towns thereabouts, and the young women who assisted her spared no pains to make the boys feel right at home. The stacks of doughnuts and cookies on the rough board counter, the bare pine tables and the bare pine benches and everything was France all over again. And, yes, there were girls.

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YOU MEN

Who are seeking an opportunity to establish yourself permanently, do as Mr. Oldham did! He got busy and cleaned up from the start. Why don't you? If you are sincere, earnest, determined, your entire future is secure. If a man 58 years old can make the success Oldham has—you can.

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the real overseas girls with their old uniforms on, passing out cherry pie and cheery smiles, while they filled cups of chocolate from long-handled dippers and never spilled a drop.

THE Legion recognizes no rank that is not of its own creating, so when Colonel Gordon Johnson came in with the Kansas contingent, he became Delegate Johnson and nothing more. He was the only delegate from the Regular Army at the meeting. Delegate Johnson is an old National Guardsman and wears the Medal of Honor. The Sixty-Ninth New York is his old outfit. Major General William G. Haan was sent by the War Department in the interest of the Americanization and educational campaign now being conducted in the Regular Army. He was not an elected delegate and of course had no voice in the convention.

JOYCE S. LEWIS, delegate from William T. Lewis Post, Long Prairie, Minn., appeared in a wheel chair. He was crippled for life by machine-gun bullets at Chateau Thierry, when he tried in vain to save his brother, for whom the Long Prairie post has been named.

ON SUNDAY, November 9, the ideals of the Legion were expounded from virtually every pulpit in Minneapolis. Many Legion members spoke in the local churches. The name of the first speaker before the convention was not recorded. On Monday morning, when temporary chairman Henry D. Lindsley was about to lift the gavel for silence, a uniformed city fireman took the rostrum long enough to say: "Gentlemen, I am an ex-service man myself and you know I hate to say it, but you can't smoke in here. It's against the law." And being a "law and order" crowd, the delegates had to practice what they preached.

VERMONT won the American Legion banner offered by the National Executive Committee for the state which should furthest exceed its quota in the September membership drive. The Vermonters rolled up a total sixty-five per cent in surplus of what was required, and took possession of the flag in the Convention Hall on Monday.

THE nation's interest in the convention may be indicated in the fact that sixty-two of the country's leading newspapers, magazines and press associations sent men to Minneapolis to "cover" the big event. They wrote for publications located all the way from Providence, R. I., to San Francisco and from Chicago to New Orleans. Press wires, leading direct to the auditorium, carried the news of the deliberations of the sessions to the outside world as events progressed from hour to hour.

THE citizens of Minneapolis proved themselves gracious hosts. The social and recreational sides of the convention will long be remembered. The same air of congenial informality that made an off-duty gathering what it was in the service marked the entertainments Min-

neapolis gave for her guests. During the war, when a city wanted to do the handsome thing for the men in the service, the word would go out, "Your uniform your pass." At Minneapolis your invitation and the admittance card, anywhere, any time, was the Legion button. The town was ours, and after using it the better part of a week we handed it back in as good shape as we found it.

SLEEPING two in a bed and six in a room is luxury to the man who was getting his repose a year ago in a fox hole in the Argonne, and for that reason Legion delegates laughed about the discomforts of sleeping accommodations which might have bothered other travelers.

When Milton J. Foreman and Marshall Field III, of the Illinois delegation, applied at the Radisson for accommodations, the clerk said the best he could do would be to give them a room containing a double bed and three cots. "Why there is room going to waste in here," said Field, surveying the quarters. "This cot for me is just the stuff, but let's fill the place up."

Accordingly Charley Lind, of Chicago, a former gop, and a couple of his buddies moved in.

The shortage of quarters was not reflected on the commissary. The mess sergeants, or whoever it is that lines up the chow at a hotel, wiped out many of the sins committed in his name in the army. There was no scarcity of rations and no kick as to price or quality. Minneapolis was free of profiteering.

FORMER Sergeant Alvin C. York, who has been one of the most widely exploited individual heroes of the war, arrived with the Tennessee delegation. He found his old battalion commander, former Major G. E. Bruxton, on the job as a representative from Rhode Island. It was Major Bruxton who issued the order directing the capture of the machine-gun nest in which action York, then a corporal, distinguished himself by killing twenty Germans and capturing 132. It took place at Hill 233 in the Argonne, on October 18.

"WE are still fighting Germans down our way," remarked H. H. Swenson, of Tampico Post No. 1, the delegate from Mexico. Mr. Swenson said Americans in Mexico have absolutely severed all relations, commercial or otherwise, with the Germans in that country, since many of the Germans have ingratiated themselves into the favor of the Carranza government. This patriotic action often meant a hardship to the Americans. In Tampico, for instance, the Germans obtained control of the telephone franchise, and every American has taken out his phone.

There is just the one Legion post chartered in Mexico now, but others are forming. Mr. Swenson reported, in Mexico City and Monterey. There are about 1,200 ex-service men in Mexico.

Selma (Cal.) Post No. 12 has put into its by-laws a requirement that each member shall memorize the preamble to the United States Constitution.

(Extract from letter to American Legion)

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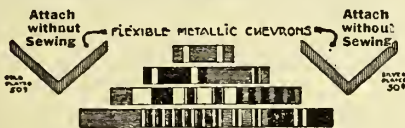
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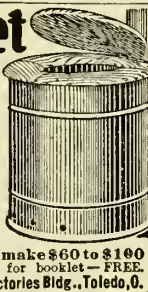


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DOERS AND DREAMERS OF AVIATION

(Continued from page 15)

miles; Paris to Strasbourg, 250 miles; Avignon to Nice, 125 miles; Nancy to Briey to Longwy, sixty miles; Nancy to Dijon to Chateauroux to Bordeaux, 450 miles; Paris to Mulhouse, 240 miles; Nimes to Nice, 140 miles, and in Tripoli from Ben Gardame to Gabes, 240 miles.

Italy operates the longest non-stop aerial mail route, 380 miles, between Padua and Vienna. With the sixty-mile route between Rome and Naples and the fifty-mile route between Milan and Venice, the total Italian aerial mail service covers a distance of 490 miles.

Germany, despite her unsettled condition, is operating 1,760 miles of aerial mail routes. The lines are: Berlin to Weimar, 145 miles; Berlin to Frankfurt, 170 miles; Berlin to Leipzig, eighty miles; Berlin to Hamburg, 160 miles; Berlin to Warnemunde, forty miles; Berlin to Hanover, 160 miles; Berlin to Westphalia, 180 miles; Berlin to Breslau, 170 miles; Berlin to Munich, 300 miles; Weimar to Frankfurt, 140 miles; Leipzig to Weimar, fifty-five miles; and Hanover to Westphalia, fifty miles.

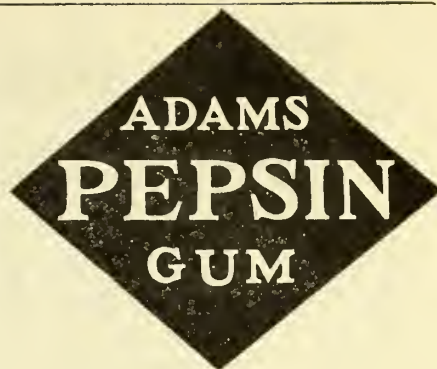
The British London-Paris service was begun last January for the purpose of transporting important passengers and dispatches in connection with the Peace Conference. During August the original service, which was operated by the Royal Air Force, was sold to a private concern, which now maintains a daily passenger service. While operated by the Royal Air Force this line carried 1,382 people and 710 bags of mail. The aerial mail service over this route is government controlled.

AN aeroplane passenger service between London and Amsterdam operates daily, regardless of the weather. Recently a severe storm compelled channel steamers to wait outside of port several hours until the heavy seas had partly subsided, but the flying boat made its flight on schedule. The passengers were taken across the channel in safety and comfort.

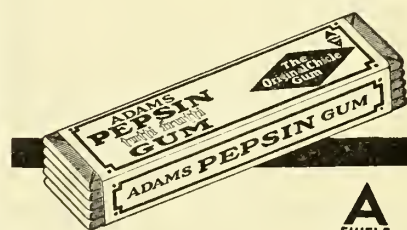
The British Isles are honeycombed with aeroplane passenger routes. The Handley-Page Company, during the holidays of last summer, carried 5,800 passengers. There were no accidents resulting in injury to any passenger.

Two aeroplane passenger lines have been opened in Switzerland, between Dubendorf and Berne and between Lusanne and Berne. The Swiss government also is instituting a series of aerial tours for the benefit of tourists.

In the United States there are only two established aeroplane passenger routes. They are between New York and Atlantic City, and about 100 miles, and between San Pedro, Cal., and the Catalina Islands, some fifty miles. But in addition to these there are innumerable aviators, who, with one or more machines, lead a gipsy-like existence going from place to place, particularly amusement centers, and carrying passengers for short "hops" at a charge of about one dollar a minute.



after eating



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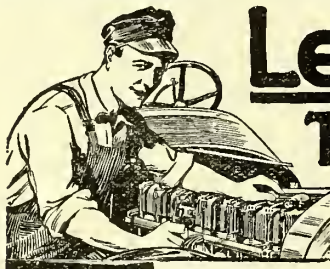
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Such enterprises, of course, cannot seriously be carried in the light of commercial aviation.

Two aeroplane passenger services between Cuba and the United States are scheduled to be in operation by December 1. One will use aeromarine flying boats over a route of New York to Key West to Havana, with intermediate stops along the coast. The other is to employ two sixteen-passenger Farman land machines in flights between Havana and Key West. As these Farman machines are equipped with twin motors, neither of which is alone sufficient to maintain the craft in flight, this service will involve an element of risk which would not be present if flying boats or hydroaeroplanes were used.

Many firms have engaged aeroplanes at various times to carry parcels or light freight, but such cases have been largely experimental, or for advertising purposes. The practicability of such service, however, is beyond question. But before such services can be regularly established proper landing fields must be available in sufficient number. The establishing of landing fields and the adoption of a definite aviation policy by the government are the crying needs of the hour if America is to attain a commanding position in the aeronautic world.

American aircraft manufacturers are now are building various types of sport and passenger-carrying machines. The former is the only type for which there is any great demand at present, but the latter are being turned out in anticipation of the need and to educate the public to their possibilities. The recent tour of the Lawson machine and the many successful flights of the Curtiss *Eagle* demonstrate the speed and comfort with which travel through the air can be accomplished. No doubt when the government has adopted an air policy and when sufficient flying fields have been established the United States, like Great Britain, will be netted with aeroplane passenger routes.

Airship passenger lines were operated successfully for four years in Germany prior to the war. They were fostered and subsidized by the government that airship personnel might be trained and experience gained for the war then in preparation. Another German airship passenger service, using one machine, recently was started. Whether it is a financial success it is impossible at present to learn. But whether successful or not the arguments already advanced in favor of aeroplane short-haul passenger service over a similar airship passenger service remain. An aeroplane costs far less than an airship, takes a smaller crew to operate and does not require the attention which must be given the lighter-than-air craft.

The C-5, which it was expected would attempt the trans-Atlantic flight last spring, escaped from its moorings and was blown to sea. The C-5 derived its buoyancy from a source other than its power plant. No trace of it has been found to this day. Better a forced landing and a crash than being carried to sea and never heard from again.

CRAFTFILM TURNS TO COMEDY

(Continued from page 19)

"Don't think! Betty Bunner can't do it, and you know it!"

Charlie visualized the placid-faced Craftfilm star and agreed. "I hate to turn that story down, though! And with this Miss Wentworth—"

"Damn it! I've made a fortune with melodrama and to melodrama I stick! Get that! Amos Gordon sticks to melodrama!" The chief sunk into his chair, exhausted after the outburst. Charlie began to laugh.

"I bet"—it was delicious, and he chuckled again at the picture; "I bet Betty Bunner wanted to do 'Jane's Extra Husband,' and that's what put you on your ear!"

Old Blight nodded and then looked at Charlie quizzically.

"You're a disrespectful pup, aren't you? And stubborn for twice your years!" The young man grinned.

"And thick-skinned, why—you're pachydermatous!"

With sudden irrepressible mischief in his expression Charlie looked his employer in the eye.

"The thickness," he remarked, "is all below the neck!"

For an instant it looked as if the older man would go off into another fit of temper. Instead his eyes twinkled—it was unexpected—and he came around to Charlie, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm getting to like you!" he said. "But why in blue blazes must you worry me about comedy all the time?"

"Because you're losing money under your policy! Look at your books!"

"Every firm has losing spells!"

"Yes, but the companies who are making money are making it with polite modern drama; light comedy is the stage term, and I can prove it to you!"

Gordon walked to the window and his step seemed suddenly old, heavy. Charlie, watching him, realized his opportunity.

"You know, Mr. Gordon"—for once he was sober—"you've got to have more money to meet your losses—I've seen Cooper's figures—and the only way you can get it is from the people who arranged my employment here. If I advise them not to send good money after bad—I!"

Gordon turned, red-faced; but the storm subsided before it broke. He was beaten. "Charlie was eager now.

"Why not give me a chance! Let me make just one picture along my lines! Give me the authority to select my own story and cast it, give me the director and staff; and let me have charge of the studio and production—give me *carte blanche* for one release!"

The head of Craftfilm came from the window and for several moments studied the face of his enthusiastic editor. It was a risk, but success in moving pictures has come oftenest to those who bring into the making the unshaken confidence and the unquenched fires of youth.

"If the Bunner subject coming over for us to look at tomorrow is as bad as the last one"—his decision came reluctantly—"you shall have full authority

(Continued on page 36)

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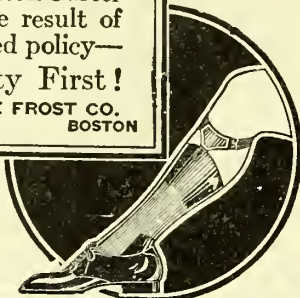
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FIND YOUR BUDDY

C Company, 165th Infantry

PVT. Martin G. Haugse, automatic rifle gunner of C Company, 165th Infantry, was killed at his gun in the Forty-second Division attack on St. George's Farm and Hill 263 in the Argonne on October 15, 1918.

Pvt. Haugse was reported to be holding a position in company with the other members of the gun team, Privates Mannie Corsby, Joseph A. Mullen and Andrew Hogstrom. Corsby was acting as



M. G. Haugse

loader. When Haugse was hit the fire ceased long enough to permit a party of Germans to rush the gun. Mullen and Hogstrom were captured, and are now reported to have returned to their homes in the States. Corsby escaped.

A. N. Haugse, of Garretton, N. D., father of the deceased gunner, would like to hear from any of the above named men, or from anyone else who recalls the above incident, and from Sergeant Peter Keller, New York City, who also was in Haugse's company.

Missing: Private George R. Hall, organization unknown. Enlisted June, 1917, in a depot brigade, discharged at Camp Upton this year. Address his uncle, Ernest Friend, Rockaway, N. J.

G. COMPANY, 347TH INFANTRY.—The mother of Owen Victor Carr, who died on a transport en route to France, March 16, 1918, would like to hear from anyone who knows of the last illness and death of her boy. Address Mrs. W. H. Carr, 84 East Russel Street, Columbus, Ohio.

PAACH WILLIAMS, formerly Seventh Engineers, or anyone who has any information concerning Private Oliver Love, reported dead, is requested to write E. Senning, Dickens County Chapter, Red Cross, Spur, Tex.

Missing: Edward James McCabe, organization unknown. Sister received \$10,000 insurance policy taken out by this man. She wrote War Risk Insurance Bureau asking his company and regiment, but received no reply. Had not heard from her brother for two years. Will anyone who knew of this man write G. E. Wheeler, 42 Pleasant Street, Haverhill, Mass.

AMBULANCE UNIT MEN.—Sergeant Floyd A. Chase, U. S. Cemetery caretaker at Thiaucourt, France, writes: "The folks of Private James A. Metcalfe, killed April 5, 1918, near Verdun, are anxious to find the driver of the ambulance in which he was taken to the hospital. The ambulance was numbered 317." Address information to Sergeant Chase, who will notify family.

CHARLES E. DURRUA, formerly 107th Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, last address A. P. O. 734, A. E. F. Miss Aleene Wilcox, 801 South Arno Street, Albuquerque, N. M., wants to know "what has happened to him" and says "any information will be greatly appreciated by an old friend."

CRAFTFILM TURNS TO COMEDY

(Continued from page 35)

at the studio for one picture! You can't lose much more than I am right now," he admitted, "and it's really the money of the people who have sent you up here to plague me!"

CHARLIE, as he wrung the old man's hand, seemed to sense that there was no antagonism towards him after all. The old school dies hard, and it was difficult for Amos Gordon to admit failure. Charlie walked out of the office treading on air.

Wells and Fellows were waiting for him. The advertising man was distinctly worried.

"Did he—did he give you the gate? He said he was going to!"

Charlie laughed and shook his head.

"Did he bite?" Fellows sometimes attempted the role of wit.

Charlie had no answer for this; in fact he didn't hear the question. With Old Blight's virtual consent to the making of an experimental comedy there remained but one thing—the ringing of a telephone bell and the sound of a certain voice, promised to him for the following morning. She called early, as if as anxious to speak to him as he was to her. "This is Claire Wentworth!" she said, "the girl you took—"

"Ye gods!" he answered. "Didn't you suppose I'd remember you?"

Her tone was bantering.

"Of course"—pausing—"Charlie!" For a moment there was silence and then he took the plunge.

"Listen, Claire! Supper and a show, and—I've something to tell you!"

"It isn't one of your jokes! Promise!" There still was a surfeit of color in his face.

"I'll promise anything to get to see you again!"

"Well, I've a place I want you to take me, so don't buy any tickets, and we'll have dinner on Washington Square, which means meet me at six sharp just outside the Christopher Street subway station!" Understand, Charlie boy?"

"Yes, but——" He stopped. A click warned him that she had hung up, unless they were cut off!

For dinner she took him to one of the myriad Greenwich Village shops established to cater to uptown curiosity-seekers. He was surprised to find the simple food they had more than sufficient, and to have a check for a dollar thirty cents for both of them.

"Young men nowadays are too extravagant!" she explained. "Since I'm cultivating quite a fondness for you, Charlie Mullen, I'm going to begin to take you in hand!" He looked at her. The day before he had scraped the acquaintance-ship deliberately, had been almost rude in forcing his company upon her, and yet it was she who now was far too fast and incomprehensible for him.

"You mean——" he began, uncertainly.

"Nothing in particular!" She rose and waited for him to fumble her coat, helping her into it. Suddenly he brightened.

"You do mean that we're going to see a lot of each other, though!"

"Of course!" She led the way up the rickety basement steps and at the top turned and linked a hand in his arm. "You're a smart boy, Charlie!" He laughed.

"Well, Claire"—it seemed natural to use her given name—"since you seem to be master of ceremonies, now where?"

"Movies!"

"Can't I take you to a real show?" Meanwhile he followed her lead. They had headed for Fifth Avenue.

"No! It's your duty to see all the movies you can!"

"But listen, Claire! Since I've started with Craftfilm I've done nothing else but look at pictures and study them. Why, gee! If I hadn't gone around at the rate of three or four features a day how would I be able to call the turn on Old Amos Gordon, and tell him what's what? Besides, I've got you tonight, and we are supposed to be going out for pleasure!" She drew a little close to him.

"But this is one I want to see, Charlie, and I thought you'd like to take me!" That ended it.

WHEN New York City once paused in its mad migration of growth up the narrow confines of Manhattan Island, Fourteenth Street was a smart theatrical and shopping center. On it is the predecessor of the present Metropolitan Opera House. It is still a beautiful theater, and with a carefully arranged program and a symphony orchestra it has graduated from Grand Opera for the "Vans" and "Bits" to movies for the "skys" and "steins." Here Claire led the way. The unsuspecting Charlie only realized

(Continued on page 40)

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The Failure of the Melting Pot

What Cannot Be Fused Must Be Refused

By CHARLES D. KELLEY

AMERICA has been called "The Melting Pot." The phrase struck the nation's fancy. It touched our pride. And we thought, in our self-satisfied way, the problem was disposed of by nature.

Then the war came. It turned a searchlight on America. It put an X-ray on men's souls. Huskies by the thousands walked in to our draft boards and asked to be excused from war on the ground that they were aliens. And of course they had to be. They were aliens in law and spirit. They had made America their home for years. But they had never been fused in the melting pot. They had fattened on American clover, but had not grown American souls. They stood smirking while American mothers sent American lads off to war. They took the vacant jobs. They rolled in rich rewards.

There were thousands of brave men of foreign blood who did fight. They were the "Americans all" of whom we are proud. But under the selective draft there were 1,000,000—enough for 40 army divisions—who ran to cover, to safety, to the special privilege of the alien parasite.

We talk of deportation. Deportation it must be for those of the worst offenders Congress can reach. But is a deportation program enough? Can we be patient while America continues more or less a babel of tongues and a scattering of little European races? Shall we continue to let aliens be defended by American soldiers, then escape with American treasure? Shall we let the "melting pot" continue a mere catch phrase for writers?

What is the remedy?

A number of men in Congress, urged by the present spirit of "America for Americans, and Americans for America," have been formulating a program.

At the outset we are informed there is no purpose to amputate the arm of the Statue of Liberty that holds aloft a torch to the oppressed of the world. But there is a purpose to hold that light in the face of every immigrant and give him at least a sentry's challenge before he shall pass.

The program is:

1. To keep the lid clamped down on immigration for a year after the signing of peace. Both houses have passed H. R. 9782, containing that provision.

2. Then, draft an omnibus bill, to be brought before Congress in December, to keep out of this country all aliens who do not expect to become citizens and deport all those who, within a reasonable time, fail to qualify and become naturalized.

in great numbers who look toward the Americas for early opportunity. A Red flood from Russia also is impending. One consul reports several thousand aliens in Japan awaiting steamships for the United States. Many of them are bolshevist agitators. Hundreds of them are Russians who left this country and now seek to return. They avoided military service both here and in Russia. There must be some way to sift immigration as it never was sifted before.

As to a permanent policy in both Senate and House, immigration committee hearings have been held on a number of plans. In the House committee an omnibus bill will be drawn covering features of plans proposed by Chairman Johnson of Washington, Representative Welty of Ohio and Representative Kelly of Pennsylvania. The tentative plan is to provide the following scheme as an Americanization stimulant:

(a) Require all persons coming in for temporary purposes to have passports endorsed by the American representatives at the places from which they embark.

(b) Require all others to register at the port of entry and then and there swear their purpose to become citizens; reject those who do not come for that purpose. Require aliens, in case of doubt, to prove worthiness.

(c) Require all who came to be citizens to take out first papers after two years here and deport those who fail to comply.

(d) Grant citizenship in five years to those who can both read and write English. At the end of eight years, require all others to become citizens if qualified and deport those who are unqualified or fail to swear allegiance.

(e) Require all aliens to register once every six months or every year and pay a registration tax. Deport those who fail to register. Use the revenue to teach all aliens the American tongue and customs.

Under the Welty bill (H. R. 3911), the fee would be one dollar a year; under the Johnson bill (H. R. 563), two dollars for the first year, and ten dollars a year thereafter; except that a reduction would be made when the alien learned to read English, another reduction when he could write, another when he learned American history, and another when he learned civil government. The Kelly bill (H. R. 9782) would require every immigrant to bring with him to this country an indorsement by the American official in the country from which he came. The Americanization would be in the hands of the local boards of education under the Welty plan; under the Bureau of Naturalization under other bills

THE disclosure that millions await the first opportunity to flock here comes in official reports of the State Department. There are Austrians and Germans

19 Jewel

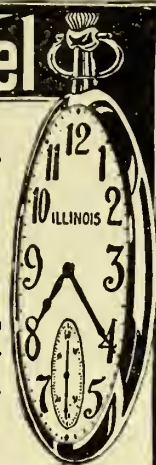
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THE Smith-Bankhead measure aims at the double menace of illiteracy and alienage with a proposed \$50,000,000 appropriation, used through the Bureau of Education; and the Smith-Towner bill calls for a Department of Education with a cabinet officer as Secretary of Education, and a \$100,000,000 appropriation to combat that double menace and promote general enlightenment.

The Kenyon bill would Americanize alien and illiterate alike.

But the aim, as far as the immigrant is concerned, is the same in all—not only citizenize the immigrant, but Americanize him. The omnibus bill, evolving in the House, would put a stop to the fattening of vast armies of aliens here in time of peace only to have them escape the uniform in the hour of national peril.

It would not close America as the land of opportunity, but it would close America as the land of immunity. It would be the principle of what cannot be assimilated must be eliminated. What cannot be fused will be refused.

At present only eight per cent of the immigrants from Russia have ever applied for citizenship papers after being here from five to nine years; only four per cent from Greece. Of all foreign born wage-earners in America for five years or more, just thirty-one per cent are citizens and only fourteen per cent more have taken out first papers. The rest remain where they cannot be reached by the draft of future wars. "They live in America, but America lives not in them."

And for this America has not been wholly blameless. The government has tried to solve the dangerous situation in piece-meal fashion. The people have not been aroused because they have trusted to a melting pot without a fire under it—a melting pot which cannot fuse slag and gold.

This is the day for the homely little things that ordinarily do not get much attention. When Britain's R-34 cracked an engine jacket in flight, a piece of chewing gum was used to repair her. Again, when Capt. Lowell Smith, flying in the transcontinental air race, found that his radiator leaked, he called corn meal in to fill the breach.

In the A. E. F., 5,271 men got the D. S. C., 941 got the D. S. M., and 78 won the Medal of Honor. These figures do not include decorations bestowed through the War Department, but only those awarded by General Pershing.

It looks as though Monahan Post, Sioux City, Iowa, will get an unusual hall for its use in the City Auditorium. A movement has been started by generous citizens to buy up the stock of the Auditorium Company and turn it over to the Legion. The property is valued at \$150,000.

A monument to Robert L. Agee, who gave his life in the war, was unveiled by his friends of the William C. Morris Post in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, late in October. Men from the Harvey Seeds Post of Miami were present.

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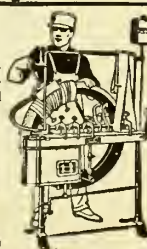
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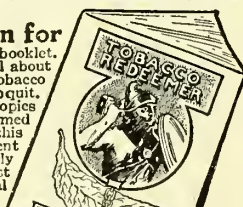
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CRAFTFILM TURNS TO COMEDY

(Continued from page 37)

the conspiracy when the second feature flashed its main title on the screen. "Craftfilm, Inc., presents 'The Accusing Finger' featuring Betty Bunner."

"Claire!" he whispered. "This is a mean trick!"

"Why?" Her hand sought his and toyed with a signet ring, idly. "Don't you think if a person has a chance to go with Craftfilm, that person ought to dig up some Craftfilm pictures and look at them?"

"That's true!" he admitted. "But when I start Craftfilm going on modern polite comedy stuff, the new pictures won't be anything like the old ones!"

"But are the old ones so bad? They say Betty Bunner is a sweet girl!"

"Watch!" This was not a Bunner subject he had seen—it antedated his time—but he was pretty safe in condemning it in advance. When the Craftfilm star appeared on the screen she pinched his arm.

"Don't you like her, Charlie?"

"Naw!" He finally mustered the courage to capture the little hand which had so persistently invited that fate, and became positive in his opinions. "I don't like black hair for one thing!" he began. "Then, look at her facial expressions! She does everything as if she were frozen stiff, as if she were afraid to be herself! I bet she's one of those girls whose every move and thought is shouted to her through a megaphone by her director. I bet she hasn't a human impulse!"

"Have you ever met her?" she asked.

"No, strange to say. I've been too busy to get over to the studio and I don't know a soul of the studio staff!"

"Then you have no right to condemn her! Say what you want about her work, but—" she laughed, "I'm almost convinced you'll like her when you know her!"

"Nix, Claire!" He squeezed the hand he held. "I like animation in a girl and Betty Bunner hasn't any." She persisted, however.

"You can't tell a thing by what you see on the screen, Charlie, and I won't have her maligned! Probably her director never lets her show any animation in her face—he couldn't in this weepy sort of melodrama—and if you met her on the street undoubtedly you wouldn't recognize her!"

"Wouldn't recognize her! After seeing three of her pictures and looking at one about a dozen times to put in the titles?"

She laughed.

"A movie star never looks the same in real life as she does on the screen! Out in Los Angeles I've seen Amy Ansell and Mary Mavis and many of the well-known stars walk up and down the streets without a soul recognizing them. You have no idea how much make-up changes one, and then the photography—and, too, when a girl gets into a part—"

"All right, but I bet I'd know Betty Bunner in a crowd of a million!"

She said nothing and they sat through

the picture without further comment. Outside the theater he turned to her.

"You'll let me take you home?"

She shook her head, smiling. He called a taxi and gave his own address. Seated beside her, he prepared to spring his big surprise.

"Old Blight has capitulated!" he announced. She started in unmistakable surprise.

"You mean you've actually made him see something!"

"If the Bunner picture coming in tomorrow is 'n.g.' I'm to have full charge for the making of one feature," he said. "I'm going to make a comedy story called 'Jane's Extra Husband,' and—and you're going to star!"

She sat bolt upright as if unable to believe him. For a moment he watched her. His eyes took in every detail of hair, of arms, of hands, of features. Without thought he seized her suddenly by the shoulders, and pressed his lips upon her incredulous little mouth. For an instant she wavered; then she clung to him. The driver recalled them to themselves at his hotel. She looked at her companion, but immediately averted her eyes.

"I—I didn't mean—" she stammered miserably.

"But Claire! I love you!" He sought to reassure her.

She glanced up. "I love you, Charlie, but—but it's only two days!"

He smiled.

"You'll let me take you home now!"

"Not—not yet!" She seemed very unhappy.

"But—but I'll see you again! Tomorrow night?"

She grasped his hand. "Every night, Charlie! We must see each other every night!"

He gave the driver a large bill.

"Take the lady home and keep the change!" he directed. Then he went to bed, but did not sleep.

THE Betty Bunner picture was a failure, and Old Blight proved a man of his word. He even went further and developed an interest in a golf tournament.

"If you need me," he remarked, "phone the country club!" Charlie moved into his chief's office and began issuing orders.

Wells, Fellows, Cooper, all his associates at the office ventured to remonstrate at some of his radical measures, but he refused to listen. A coldness grew up between them. Every evening he spent with Claire Wentworth, but for the protection of both, she kept him at an arm's distance.

"We must wait, and be sure!" she said, eyes very soft as she regarded him. "If our love is real it is not too much to be fair to ourselves!"

He had her come to the office and there formally engaged her as star for "Jane's Extra Husband."

The comedy feature was under way, within ten days. His days he spent worrying at the office because Claire, afraid his presence would disturb her, exacted a promise he would not come over to watch her work. Their evenings remained strictly a personal matter

between the two of them. She would not reveal her residence, but there was no questioning her fondness for him.

At the office, as Charlie sobered and became almost irritable under the suspense of waiting for the results of his experiment, the once long-faced Wells and the formerly browbeaten Fellows developed a new spirit of levity, and it permeated the organization. When Charlie went to some other part of the Craft-film suite it seemed to him as though everyone smiled—even laughed at him behind his back. Sensing a conspiracy that involved some joke on him, he sent for Wells and got an express denial. Then, at the end of the third week, it occurred to him that he was beginning to become a sort of young replica of Old Blight himself and he brightened up immediately. But he lived—and it was his weakness—for his hours alone with Claire.

At the end of five weeks "Jane's Extra Husband" was finished. Old Blight came into the office for the first time in response to a telephone message, looking twenty years younger than at the time of his semi-abdication. Office force, officials, and the entire studio staff gathered in the projection room for a first glimpse of the new star.

Charlie, beside Claire, waited breathless for the first view of her. One glance and he clasped her arm in amazement.

"Your hair!"

"Why," she laughed, in the darkness, "red hair photographs black! Didn't you know that?"

He sank in his chair, lower and lower as the picture progressed. Around him, with increasing enjoyment, the spectators laughed as each comedy situation unfolded with a more delicious humor than the last. Of the success of the feature there was not the slightest question. But at Charlie's brain there drummed insistently an inexplicable doubt.

"My boy!" The big hand of Old Blight descended on his shoulder at the conclusion of the showing. "You have the right idea! You win. But I thought—"

Charlie, however, was a man of one idea. He turned to Claire almost feverishly. "Are you—are you any relation to Betty Bunner?"

She dimpled. It was Wells, however, who broke in.

"Relation? Why Charlie Mullen, you poor boob; do you know what you did? You fired Betty Bunner, and then turned around and hired her right back again! And you were so darn upstage there for a couple of weeks that we were darned if we'd spoil the joke!"

He caught the girl and dragged her from the room. There were spots of color in his cheeks.

"Why did you tell me your name was Claire Wentworth?" he asked.

"I thought you'd have to know sometime," she said. "It's the one that'll have to go on the marriage license—it's my real name."

"I'll forgive you—Mrs. Joe Miller," he said.

"Not Miller, Muller," she said, smiling.

Davy Crockett Said:—

**"Be Sure You're Right—
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For 75 cents extra we will embroider the name of your regiment and the company in which you served.

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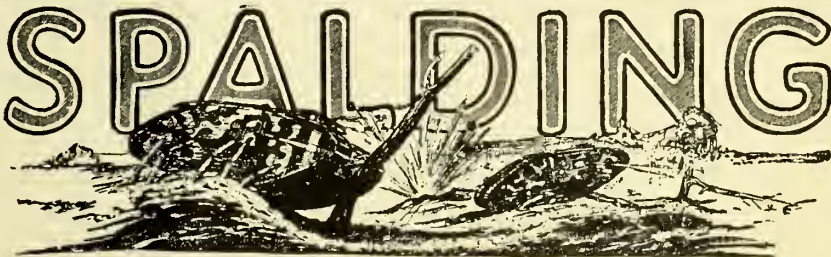
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INFORMATION

To Regain Army Overcoat

To the Editor: Please tell me where I can obtain an army overcoat? I was discharged last month and now I need an overcoat.

DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

Belle Plaine, Iowa.

Make application to Supplies Division, Office of Director of Storage, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C., stating whether or not an overcoat was issued to you in the service. Enclose affidavit made before any civil or military officer, stating date and place of discharge or furlough to Reserve, kind of articles restored to government, and certifying that the article requested has not been retained.

Gas Mask and Helmet

To the Editor: Where can I obtain a gas mask and helmet?

New Orleans, La. ROBERT BURTON.

If the articles were not issued to you in the army overseas, you will not be able to obtain them. If they were issued, but turned in by you, write to Supplies Division, Office of the Director of Storage, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C. Enclose affidavit made before any civil or military officer, stating date and place of discharge, or furlough to Reserve, kind of articles restored to government, and certifying that none of the articles requested has been retained.

Gas Bags

To the Editor: Can you tell me what material is used for the gas bags inside a rigid dirigible?

Wheeling, W. Va. HAL RENTROP.

The gas bags now usually are made of goldbeater skin, a product of the intestines of a steer. In some types of dirigibles a combination arrangement is used, a layer of goldbeater skin between two layers of specially treated linen or cotton cloth. The gas bags of the R-34 were of goldbeater skin covered with a layer of rubberized linen.

Minimum Service for Victory Button

To the Editor: Please tell me what the minimum service requirements for a Victory Button are.

Los Angeles, Cal.

P. E. S.

Regulations relative to issuance of the Victory Button require that the recipient shall have been in the service not less than fifteen days before the signing of the armistice, November 11, 1918.

To the Editor: Will you kindly inform me if a man who served in the Navy during the war and soldiers who did not go to France are entitled to wear the Victory Medal Bar, without stars.

Miles City, Mont. E. E. FISHER.

Yes.

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THE American Red Cross is your Red Cross, just as the American army is your army. What it did in the war you know better than anybody else. And now that you've changed to civs it stands ready to serve you, if you need it, just as it did when you were in uniform.

You may never need it, directly. But all the time it will be serving you indirectly, by fighting disease, by improving health conditions, by promoting the spirit of neighborliness in the city or town in which you live. And just as it came to the aid of Corpus Christi this fall, when a hurricane wiped that town from the map of Texas, it will come to the aid of your district should disaster visit it.

You know what the Red Cross stands for: it is up to you to stand for the Red Cross.





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